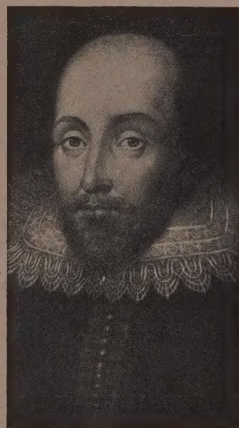


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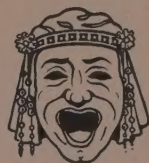
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JANUARY  
1916

White

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ASTOR. "HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLIDAY." Prohibition play in which George M. Cohan, the author, makes facetious use of Billy Sundayism.

BANDBOX. WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS. One act plays presented by competent players.

BELASCO. "THE BOOMERANG." Amusing comedy, cleverly acted by Martha Hedman, Wallace Eddinger and other favorites.

BOOTH. "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN." E. H. Sothern as Lord Dundreary in the comedy which his father made famous.

CANDLER. "THE HOUSE OF GLASS." Emotional drama dealing with a woman unjustly accused of crime.

CASINO. "THE BLUE PARADISE." A merry musical play.

COHAN. "COCK O' THE WALK." A play of the stage, inspired by the Shakespearean tercentenary with Otis Skinner in the rôle of a swaggering actor.

COMEDY. "HOBSON'S CHOICE." Quaint and whimsical play telling an old-fashioned story in a new fashioned way.

CORT. "THE PRINCESS PAT." Eleanor Painter in an exceedingly tuneful comic operetta by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom.

ELTINGE. "FAIR AND WARMER." New farce full of wit and humor. Highly amusing.

EMPIRE. MAUDE ADAMS in a limited engagement of Barrie's charming play, "Peter Pan" to be followed by a revival of "The Little Minister."

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE." Julia Arthur in the rôle of a strong play dealing with the social evil.

FORTY-FOURTH STREET. "KATINKA." A musical play by the authors of "High Jinks" and "The Firefly." Produced on a lavish scale.

FULTON. "RUGGLES OF RED GAP." Ralph Herz in a farce based on the well-known stories.

GAIETY. "SADIE LOVE." Romantic farce by Avery Hopwood well acted by Marjorie Rambeau and Pedro de Cordoba. Only mildly amusing.

GARDEN. "THE WEAVERS." First presentation in English of Gerhart Hauptmann's drama of social justice with Emanuel Reicher and his company.

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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## THE COVER:

Portrait in colors of Miss Eleanor Painter in "The Princess Pat"

The colored portraits that appear on our covers are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Money cannot buy the privilege and this applies to the inside contents of the magazine as well. If readers knew the artist paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real talent, the portraits are eagerly collected as souvenirs. Born in Iowa and brought up and educated in Omaha and Colorado Springs, Eleanor Painter is truly of the West. As a child she sang continually, until her voice broke down while taking part in a Christmas cantata. For seven years she didn't sing, until, at the age of sixteen, she was so inspired by reading "The First Violin" that she decided to try her voice once more, and found that it had not entirely left her. She came to New York to study for one year, and then was persuaded to study in Berlin. After two years of vocal training, she made her debut at the Opera as Madame Butterfly. For two years she continued to sing there, scoring triumphs in the well-known lyric rôles. She was also successful at Covent Garden in "La Bohème." Then she returned to America to appear in "The Lilac Domino," and now she is being featured in the popular success, "The Princess Pat" at the Cort Theatre.

## WHAT TO SEE AT THE THEATRES

GLOBE. "STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!" Gaby Deslys in a new and typical revue.

HARRIS. "THE DEVIL'S GARDEN." A dramatization by Edith Ellis of W. B. Maxwell's novel.

HIPPODROME. "HIP-HIP-HOO-RAY." Sumptuous spectacle, full of novel surprises, and with a beautiful ballet on skates.

HUDSON. "UNDER FIRE." Blood and thunder drama of the present European war.

LONGACRE. "THE GREAT LOVER." Leo Dittrichstein in a highly successful romantic comedy.

LYCEUM. "OUR MRS. MCCHESENEY." High and eccentric comedy by George V. Hobart and Edna Ferber.

LYRIC. "ABE AND MAWRUSS." A continuation of "Potash and Perlmutter." Amusing and well-acted.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE WARE CASE." That picturesque actor, Lou Tellegen in a play much of which is made up of commonplace talk.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "AROUND THE MAP." New musical play with lavish scenic equipment and wonderful costumes. Poor libretto.

PLAYHOUSE. "MAJOR BARBARA." Typical Shaw satire, full of clever dialogue and the usual half truths. Brilliantly acted by Grace George and her company.

PRINCESS. "VERY GOOD EDIE." New musical piece founded on the farce "Over Night."

PUNCH AND JUDY. "TREASURE ISLAND." A creditable performance of the dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's well-known story "Treasure Island."

REPUBLIC. "COMMON CLAY." Sociological drama, highly dramatic, affording Jane Cowl emotional opportunities. Rather weak ending.

SHUBERT. "ALONE AT LAST." A typical Franz Lehar operetta.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN." Modern comedy by Louis K. Ansbacher—one of the best plays of the year.

WINTER GARDEN. "A WORLD OF PLEASURE." A typical Winter Garden show presented by popular favorites.

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# THE THEATRE

VOL. XXIII.

JANUARY, 1916

No. 179

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White

GRACE GEORGE AND ERNEST LAWFORD IN G. B. SHAW'S PLAY "MAJOR BARBARA" AT THE PLAYHOUSE





# Stage Whispers



A CONSTANT theatre-goer, the other day, remarked that he thought he was growing deaf. He had been to see a number of plays and in almost every instance had experienced great difficulty in hearing

all that was spoken from the stage. The physician he consulted declared his Eustachian tubes were in perfect shape. It was not his ears at fault but the careless, indifferent speech of the actors that made the playwright's words inaudible. There is absolutely no excuse for this palpable affront to the playgoer who has paid his good money to see and hear. Sometimes it is the stage manager's fault. In this effort to secure that intimate reserve of polite conversation he so tones down the dialogue that it becomes entirely confidential. But for the well-paid player, too lazy to exert himself, too ignorant to train himself in the art of intelligent and refined diction, there is no excuse. From those in front "Speak up! Louder! Louder!" would be a fitting and just rebuke.

MRS. LANGTRY (who objects by the way to being called Lily Langtry) is talking about writing her memoirs. She has been offered \$2,500 a week for a year, to write one spasm for every day in the year, she says. A stupendous figure! They will be written, it is said, in the form of letters from a Court Beauty to her most intimate friend. A gossamer veil of fiction will serve to satisfy the prudish and the exact.

AT present Mrs. Langtry is playing in vaudeville a sketch by Sydney Grundy called "Ashes." Although her author remains unchanged, the piece, the manager and the scene of her return are sadly different from what she expected. She came over to play in "Mrs. Thompson," drama version of a novel by the son of Miss Braddon, made by Grundy. Two young managers took her as their first great venture, and when they cabled over to Mrs. Langtry for a copy of Grundy's



© Lafayette  
Mrs. Langtry

play the Jersey Lily cabled back: "Grundy's plays are made to act, not to read." This play was evidently not made to act long for it turned out to be a monologue and lasted almost a week.

THE other day I received this letter: "Dear Sir—Would you please advise me as to the nationality and occupation of the following men: David Belasco, Sir Arthur Pinero, Eugene Walter, Geo. M. Cohn (sic). Are these men theatre managers, or comedians, or singers, and are they noted men?" Such is fame!

THE young woman who recently appeared as Juliet at the 44th Street Theatre must have paid a very high price in gratifying her ambition. Everything about the production was new. Scenery, costumes and appointments were really sumptuous. They were both artistic and beautiful. Rare intelligence was displayed in every phase of the stage management from lighting to action. The star was inadequate, but some of my critical brethren of the metropolitan press treated the affair with a disdain that suggested a scratch production for a matinée tryout. With one or two exceptions the "regular chain gang" filed out after the third act never to return. By which defection they missed seeing the best Romeo of a decade. Who is prepared to say that they can remember more fire, feeling, passion and despair than George Relph displayed in the final act of the Veronese tragedy?

THE only man I ever heard of who remains an absolute mystery in this age of publicity, is John Drew's tailor. Is he ashamed of himself, or like his distinguished customer, does he hate to be interviewed?

ROBERT MANTELL and his charming young wife, Genevieve Hamper, have gone to Jamaica for the winter, not so much on pleasure bent as for business. The trip is under the aegis of William Fox, the film manufacturer, who will make several pictures with the tragedian and his leading lady as principals, and the fauna and flora of the island as a picturesque background. Judging by the location plenty of ginger may be looked for in the films. It is not to be expected that an actor of Mantell's training can work up much enthusiasm for the movies, but no doubt the financial inducements were liberal and had their weight. With the money he makes in filmland Mr. Mantell promises to build a theatre on Broadway in which he can produce Shakespeare and other plays in a style commensurate with the best traditions of the stage. Good luck to him!



Genevieve Hamper.

ACCORDING to those who know, the motion picture business is by no means as prosperous as generally believed. The reports of enormous profits have been grossly exaggerated and unless something is done quickly to remedy present conditions and stimulate a waning public interest, even worse times for the industry are ahead. "There is more money being lost in the picture business right now than there is money being made," says Samuel Goldfish, executive head of the Lasky Co. "The industry is suffering from over production. There are more films being manufactured than there are films being exhibited. Unreasonably big salaries to artists must also stop, together with the deadly competition among producers."

CERTAINLY money alone will not bring success in the film business. What is needed are brains and artistic ideals. If the pictures are to retain their popularity, there must be better taste, more art shown on the screen. Many of the film producers are men who have risen from nothing. They have made money quickly, but they have no education, no taste. To such people one picture is as good as another—provided it is full of thrills or slap-stick fun. The manner of presenting the thrills or the humor they do not care about. But the public does. It is tired of poor pictures with stereotyped situations and coarse horse play. What is wanted is more of the art picture—the kind that D. W. Griffith and a few other able producers know how to make. Paying big salaries to prominent players just for the use of their names, when a cheaper pantomimist would serve the purpose as well, is foolish. Who cares about the face on the screen anyway? The picture's the thing!

THE World Film Corporation has turned out some good pictures, but among them cannot be included a recent release called "The Cowardly Way." As an example of bad taste, it certainly deserves the Nobel prize. In it Florence Reed plays the rôle of an extravagant society woman, who, when about to become a mother, shoots herself because her husband is ruined. If she only remained dead, it would not be so harrowing, but she doesn't. Her ghost, bathed in a rich

purple light, appears and mingles with the still living members

of the household. Worse than that, her unborn child, with long curls and a ain't-I-cute expression also runs about, waving purple draperies. The husband, no wonder, goes stark mad, and the audience is spared none of his ravings and acts of violence, the sight of which is enough to upset the nerves of the strongest. What good is a Board of Censorship when such stuff as this is allowed to get through?

YOU hear a lot about the artistic temperament in and out of the theatrical trenches. There's only one way to manage a temperamental woman on the stage, said a well-known leading man recently, and that is to be in love with her. They hate the man who won't admire them, and they laugh at the man who does. Their nerves are always thumping them into action till their hearts are bursting and their brains are in a whirl. One of our emotional actresses in her prime was the most febrile, fearless, radiant witch of a woman the stage ever had. She was always on fire, intellectually and every other way. During one engagement in New York she wasn't on speaking terms with anyone in the front of the house, except one man, and he was always telling her how wonderful she was. No one else dared go near her for fear she'd kill them with the first thing handy. They're just like angry leopards. A well-known English star who has always been famous for being difficult to manage, used to hate the sight of a manager. She could wither any man who was not her mental equal, till he literally crumpled to pieces. Most men were afraid of her, and she kept them in that delicious state of dread. They called it "temperament"; she called it something more fitting—brains.

ACTRESSES alone do not suffer from this complaint. Actors, also, are victims of too much temperament. Richard Mansfield's eccentricities are not forgotten. Even Cyril Maude, the gentle, the polished, the favorite of the King, didn't speak to anyone in his management for weeks, once. That was after his success in "Grumpy," not before. One could write a book of the temperamental discords which disturb the inner circles of the theatre. Acting is a trade in nerves, and they are ticklish things to manage.

WHETHER moved by a patriotic impulse or sensed by a spirit of self-protection, there is a considerable Lamb's Club contingent which prefers that the English actor should stay at home and fight rather than come over here and exploit his art. Wilton Lackaye, celebrated for his bludgeon-like wit, heads the protestants of foreign invasion. He can see no reason why the native-born player should pay an income tax and the alien go free. Mr. Lackaye evidently belongs to that class that some years since influenced a benign Congress to put a prohibitory tariff on the importation of foreign works of art. It was believed that if the tariff were only high enough, the American connoisseur would buy the native article instead of paying an excessive price for a Corot, a Daubigny or a Manet. By this reasoning we would have to have Lackaye as Hamlet instead of Forbes-Robertson as the Moody Dane. George Fawcett would replace John Hare as the gay Lord Quex, and Nazimova would yield over Hedda Gabbler to Maude Adams.



Wilton Lackaye

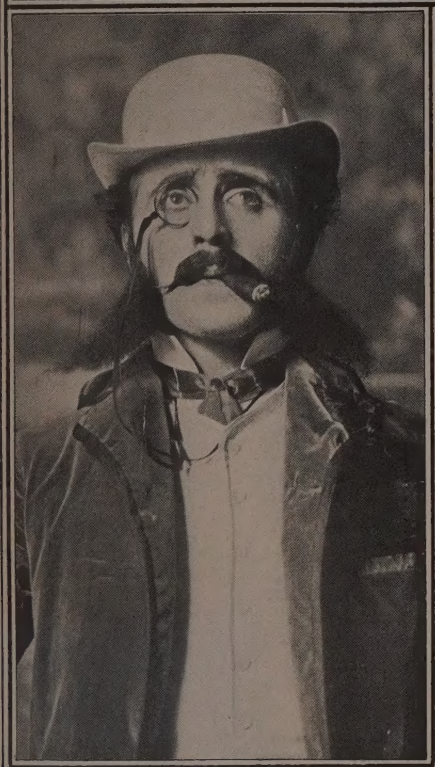


# The New Plays



Photo White

Gladys Hanson and Lou Tellegen in "The Ware Case"  
at Maxine Elliott's Theatre



Hall E. H. Sothern as Lord Dundreary in  
"Our American Cousin" at the Booth

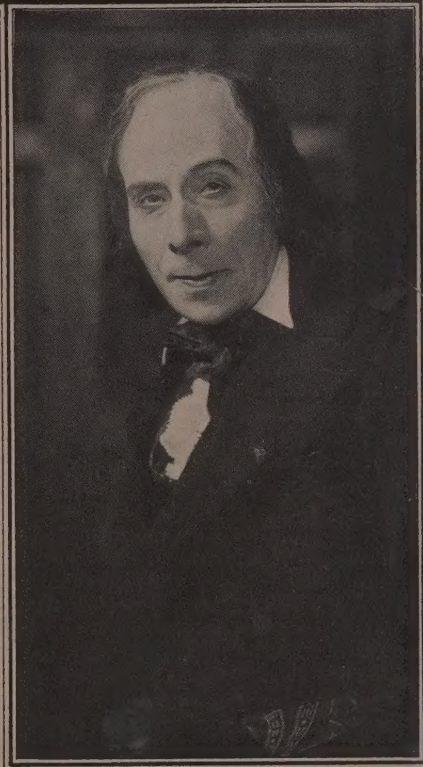
PLAYHOUSE. "MAJOR BARBARA." Play in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced on December 9th with the following cast:

Stephen Undershaft, Clarence Derwent; Lady Britomart, Charlotte Granville; Morrison, G. Guthrie McClintock; Barbara Undershaft, Grace George; Sarah Undershaft, Norah Lamison; Adolphus Cusins, Ernest Lawford; Charles Lomax, John Cromwell; Andrew Undershaft, Louis Calvert; Rummy Mitchens, Margaret Calvert; Snobby Price, Arthur Eldred; Jenny Hill, Mary Nash; Peter Shirley, Richard Clarke; Bill Walker, Conway Tearle; Mrs. Baines, Josephine Lovett; Bilton, Paul Bliss.

Courage, intelligence, a definite artistic force, and the best virtues of a high order of management belong to the feminine initiative that is giving us, at the Playhouse, in a season that is otherwise half-hearted, a series of performances and productions that upholds the pre-eminence of the stage as an expression of thought and emotion. "Major Barbara" is not a mere novelty. Novelty it has. It could not be otherwise with Shaw. He does not prove his main

contention—that the manufacturing of arms and munitions of war, including the business of war, constitute a useful and meritorious occupation, but he discourses persuasively on various other subjects of human concern, and if he fails to demonstrate his usual half-truth, he is exceedingly entertaining and conclusive with his full truths. Shaw is never more brilliant than when he is setting forth something that everybody knows or should of himself know; for example, that Poverty is a crime, to which truth he devotes some remarkable speeches in this play. But it is not so much for the truths Shaw may utter as it is for the way in which he utters them that make his plays inevitable of production and attention.

In its large idea the play is piffle; in its details, in the humanness of its characters, for the most part, it is one of the dramatist's best pieces of work. There are fifteen people in it, and the only one who talks "like Shaw," occasionally only, is Undershaft. The others distinctly belong to themselves. There is not a single part for which any actress or actor could be ungrateful. Barbara is the daughter of Undershaft, the Krupp, let us say, of England. She interests herself with the work of the Salvation Army, in which she has become a Major, and abhors her father and his money. Undershaft has been living for years apart from his wife and family, not even knowing his children personally, a circumstance that provides comedy when he comes at the invitation of his wife to discuss some provision for them. He offers to help Barbara, in particular; in fact, he visits the Salvation quarters, and consents, on a single occasion, to blow a horn in the parade. (Perhaps more characteristic of Shaw than of Undershaft.) Barbara visits his factories, and is persuaded by her father to accept his tainted money and use it for righteous purposes. The ending is wholly inconclusive, but apart from the purposelessness of the character of Barbara the play is vastly human and entertaining. We see the Salvation Army derelicts, types caught as by the camera, and caught in a way that the camera is unable to follow—in the way of soul and speech. Jenny Hill (Mary Nash) has her lip cut by the fist of Bill Walker (Conway Tearle); and we have a curious interest in these derelicts: Snobby Price, Rummy Mitchens, Peter Shirley. All the



White

George Arliss in the title rôle of "Paganini,"  
now running in Chicago

characters, of high or low degree, are worth the while theatrically and otherwise. Undershaft's second daughter is engaged to a vacuous person, Charles Lomax, and Barbara to a learned prig, but practical withal, who drives a bargain when offered the management of the factory, Adolphus Cusins. There is no need to multiply words of praise of Miss Grace George as Barbara or of Louis Calvert as Undershaft. Charlotte Granville as the wife and mother is a wonder. She has the charm of distinct speech—almost a lost art on our stage.

GARDEN. "THE WEAVERS." To create in New York City an "independent stage" modelled on the plan of the Théâtre Libre of Paris, the "Freie Buehne" of Berlin, and the "Artistic Theatre" of Moscow, a theatre which will be open to all lovers of real art who do not go to the theatre for mere pleasure—such is the





Photo Bakody Berger

Florence Shirley

Charles Abbe

SCENE IN "HIS MAJESTY, BUNKER BEAN,"  
AT THE CORT THEATRE, CHICAGO

avowed ambition of Emanuel Reicher. His Modern Stage Society, supported by subscriptions, is now giving at the Garden Theatre a season of interesting plays by modern European dramatists at moderate prices.

Mr. Reicher has long been associated with the German stage and his ability as an actor and producer is well established throughout Europe. His energies have been almost entirely devoted to the exposition and furthering of modern drama. In his present enterprise he has the support of his daughter, Hedwig Reicher, who is well known to American audiences, and of Adolph Link, a distinguished artist on the German stage. Other members of his company include Augustin Duncan, Alberta Gallatin, Bertha Mann and Helen May.

"When the Young Vine Blooms," by Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the initial performance given, is a comedy in three acts dealing with the formative period of feminism. It did not meet with popular approval and its failure has been attributed by Mr. Reicher to his having misjudged American taste. One needs to go deeper than the superficial expression of a people to analyze their humor, for it involves a direct reaction to their most vital interests. The artistic value of the play is unquestionable, but the theme is incongruous with modern sentiment.

In "The Weavers," by Gerhart Hauptmann, produced now for the first time in English in America, we have one of the most stirring of realistic dramas dealing with modern social conditions. The action is taken from a revolt of Silesian weavers who are driven to the extremity of suppression by manufacturers. They are aroused to open rebellion through the spirit of the younger generation, and having once broken the patient endurance of years their help-



White Marjorie Rambeau and Pedro de Cordoba  
in "Sadie Love" at the Gaiety

lessness is changed to terror. The shedding of blood maddens them beyond reason. Destruction and pillage prevail until the mill owners concede

Taylor Holmes

George C. Lyman

This piece, dramatized from the novel of the same name, and with Taylor Holmes in the title rôle, is now having a most successful run in Chicago

to their demands. It is the work of a master realist and the undercurrent of ferocity which breaks through at the climax is gripping and intense. The play was admirably acted by Mr. Reicher's players; Adolph Link particularly distinguishing himself.

**PUNCH AND JUDY. "TREASURE ISLAND."**  
Play by Jules Eckert Goodman, based on Robert Louis Stevenson's story. Produced on December 1st with this cast:

Jim Hawkins, Mrs. Hopkins; Mrs. Hawkins, Alice Belmore; Dr. Livesey, David Glassford; Squire Trelawney, Edmund Gurney; Bill Bones, Tim Murphy; Black Dog, Oswald Yorke; Pew, Frank Sylvester; Long John Silver, Edward Emery; Morgan, J. H. Greene; Anderson, Lynn Starling; George Merry, W. J. Ferguson; Israel Hands, Herbert Ashton; Dirk, Adin Wilson; O'Brien, Chauncey W. Keim; Arrow, Charles Macdonald; Dick, Benjamin Kauser; Ben Gunn, Charles Hopkins.

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" has been dramatized half a dozen times or more in manuscripts that never found acceptance, while two cheap versions toured the country in cheap theatres. One of the dramatizations was returned with the reader's comment that it was old-fashioned melodrama and too indelicate for performance. He probably had never heard of Stevenson or his strangely fascinating book. In material and characters it is easy to dramatize. Some additions to the story, which should necessarily be in keeping with the spirit of it, have perhaps always been necessary. To have Jimmie played by a woman gives a discordant note of artificiality. It is a kind of artificiality that Stevenson, at least, did not have in mind. It is a boy's story, a boy's play, and yet so virile that the strongest man can find some things in it to thrill him. The scenic demand is all for the picturesque, beginning with the Admiral Benbow Inn, near the coast of England, and finding treasures of opportunities on the tropical island where is hidden the treasure. There are nine of these



glowing scenes, rich in color even where the locality is unpretentious. The play is more than creditable; in many ways it is a triumph. Ben Gunn, Billy Bones, Jimmie, Long John Silver, Pew, Dr. Livesey, the Squire, Black Dog, and the others are all there W. J. Ferguson making even such a small part as George Merry stand out as a quaint individual, steeped in delicious crime and not unworthy of his name.

**EMPIRE. "THE CHIEF."** Comedy in three acts by Horace Annesley Vachell. Produced on November 22nd with this cast:

The Earl of Yester, John Drew; Lord Arthur Wrexham, Echlin Gayer; Derek Waring, George Graham; Trinder, Walter Soderling; Thomas, William Barnes; Cynthia Vansittart, Laura Hope Crews; Daphne Kenyon, Consuelo Bailey; Mrs. Bargas, Katherine Stewart; Emily Bargas, Thais Lawton.

Mr. Vachell is a truly graceful writer. Even when he utilizes old ideas he dresses them up with such a distinctiveness of touch that they take on genuine interest. His characterization is sure, his dialogue fluent and epigrammatic. In fact there is a literary finish to his work that stamps him as one destined to take a very positive position in stage literature. The title rôle, the Earl of Yester, is one of those genial polished, easy loving members of the nobility in the presentation of which John Drew finds a happy outlet for his suave polished methods. It is something more than an ordinary Drew part in that its humor is better defined and of a more convincing quality. Mr. Drew is at his happiest. Laura Hope Crews is equally successful as the widow, who, misunderstood, vindicates her position and becomes the Earl's wife. Miss Crews is to-day one of our very best comediennes. The youthful ward is a sophisticated little minx as acted by Consuelo Bailey. Theatrically imposing

is Katherine Stewart as the formidable mother-in-law, while Thais Lawton does conscientious and capable work in the none too sympathetic rôle of her daughter.

**MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE WARE CASE."** Play in four acts by George Pleydell. Produced on November 30th with this cast:

Rate, Robert Vivian; Marsten Gurney, John Halliday; Eustace Ede, Charles Derickson; Lady Ware, Gladys Hanson; Celia Wilson, Maude Hannaford; Sir Henry Edgerton, Corlis Giles; Sir Hubert Ware, Lou-Tellegen; Tommy Bold, A. P. Kaye; Michael Adye, K. C. M. P.; Montagu Love, Footman; Henry Von Weiser; Sir John Doctor, Dana Parker; Murless, K. C. M. P.; Albert Bruning; Prison Usher, Harry Chessman.

This is not a good play. One-half is made up of common place talk. A trial scene makes up the third act. It is well presented, stimulates the interest for the first time and paves the way to a conclusion which gives the star, Lou-Tellegen, a graphic opportunity to show that even the degeneratively depraved have their moments of awakened conscience. Lou-Tellegen is a picturesque actor. For two acts he has nothing to do. In the trial scene he shows fine dramatic



Mrs. Hopkins  
Playing Jim Hawkins  
in "Treasure Island"



© Charles Frohman, Inc. Laura Hope Crews and John Drew  
in H. A. Vachell's Comedy, "The Chief"



Photos White  
Conway Tearle and Mary Nash  
in Bernard Shaw's play, "Major Barbara" at the Playhouse

control, while his taking off is accomplished in a convincing spirit of tragic realism. Gladys Hanson plays his abused wife. It is a conventional rôle. Montagu Love, her respectful admirer, is a vigorous K. C., whose devotion to duty wins him his ultimate re-

ward. Albert Bruning plays the prosecuting attorney with his accustomed finish and distinction, while a very nicely sustained bit of character is presented by A. P. Kaye as a broken-down book-maker, "who perjures himself like a gentleman."

**GAIETY. "SADIE LOVE."** Romantic farce in three acts by Avery Hopwood. Produced on November 29th with this cast:

Sadie Love, Marjorie Rambeau; Prince Luigi Pallavicini, Pedro deCordoba; Comtesse De Mirabole, Betty Callish; Jim Wakely, Franklyn Underwood; Lilian Wakely, Ivy Troutman; Mrs. Warrington, Ethel Winthrop; Mumford Crewe, Alwyn Lewis; Detective Maloney, William Morris; Edward, John Lyons; Giovanni, John Ivan.

Mr. Hopwood's sense of humor and efficient treatment of material that he undertakes has been abundantly provided in his recent "Fair



and Warmer" and other plays. In this piece we are compelled to say that he misses it. It is not unusual to ascribe it as a merit when a dramatist manipulates the suggestive in such a way, indirectly and skillfully, that actual immorality is avoided. It is called "skating on thin ice." In this case we do not see any skating or any ice, thin or thick. Some of the incidents are laughable, but most of them are too close to purgatory or worse. What, between the war and the competition of the movies, the stage needs to exercise common sense in what it offers. Pedro de

Cordova is excellent as the Prince. The play is well acted and will amuse people who are indifferent about the line to be drawn in farces.

44TH STREET. "ROMEO AND JULIET." Shakespeare's tragedy in four acts. Presented on November 23rd with this cast:

Romeo, George Relph; Juliet, Khyva St. Albans; Mercutio, Frederick Lewis; Friar Laurence, Fuller Mellish; Nurse, Ffolliot Paget; Tybalt, Eric Maxon; Peter, Rowland Buckstone; Capulet, Douglas Ross; Lady Capulet, Martha Mayo; Benvolio, Charles Francis; Paris, Philip Tonge; Escalus, Hamilton Deane; Montague, Harold Skinner; An Apothecary, Harry Sothern.

A venture with Shakespeare, a magnificent production in all that, at the height of the theatrical season in New York, of "Romeo and Juliet," with an utterly unknown Juliet, a slip of a girl, is a piece of extraordinary daring. What money can procure could be counted on. The externals of such a production are always procurable, for that branch of the theatrical art involving scenery, color and costumes, has reached a point of sure efficiency among the artisans of the stage. But the spirit and form of Shakespearean acting (Continued on page 45)

## Yvette Guilbert in Old Songs

OF the many artists who for one reason or another have come to us since the outbreak of the war few have been so cordially and enthusiastically welcomed as Yvette Guilbert, who after an absence of seven years appeared again before an American audience at the Lyceum Theatre on December 7th, in a carefully selected program of old songs.

To the joy of those interested in the unusual the first two numbers were golden legends—"La Naissance du Christ" and "La Mort du Christ," carols of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries respectively. Both *chansons* are replete with that religious fervor which characterized France in the Middle Ages, and similar to the newly awakened feeling there now owing to the war. "La Naissance du Christ" is unlike the usual Christmas carol. It tells the story of Mary's and Joseph's search for shelter in Bethlehem and the rebuffs they met as the hours passed. From the very beginning the art of Madame Guilbert gave to the carol just the proper amount of mystery and awe and pathos—feelings which she further elaborated in the succeeding number "La Mort du Christ." Many critics think that in these two songs Yvette Guilbert reaches greater heights than she has yet reached. Certainly they are more impressive than any others. It was a stroke of genius to place them at the head of the program.

Charmingly gowned in the graceful old costume and picturesque head-dress of the Middle Ages, she sang two Marriage Episodes, "Les Anneaux de Marionson" and "La Mort de Jean Renaud," both celebrating the great French hero, Renaud. One a tale of cruel revenge and slaughter, the other a pitiful story of Renaud's death. The costume lent atmosphere and verisimilitude.

Putting aside the sad things, the singer then

launched into the Refrains Populaires of the eighteenth century, the type of *chanson* which

### La Mort du Christ

Avant qu'il soit vendredi nuit,  
Vous verrez mon corps pendre,  
Vous verrez mes bras étendus  
Sur une croix si grande.

Vous verrez mon chef couronné  
D'une aubépine blanche  
Vous verrez mes deux mains clouées  
Et mes deux pieds ensemble.

Vous verrez mon côté percé  
Par un grand coup de lance.  
Vous verrez mon sang découler  
Tout le long de mes membres.

Vous verrez mon sang ramassé  
Par quatre petits anges.  
Vous verrez ma mère à mes pieds,  
Bien triste et bien dolente.

Vous verrez la terre trembler  
Et les pierres se fendre  
Vous verrez la mer flamboyer  
Comme un tison qui flambe.

Les étoiles qui sont au ciel,  
Vous les verrez descendre,  
Verrez la lune et le soleil  
Qui combattront ensemble.

La Passion du doux Jésus,  
Qu'est moult triste et dolente  
Qui la saura, qui la dira,  
Gagnera l'indulgence.

Carol of the XVI century sung by  
Mme. Guilbert.

has long been the basis of her popularity. Charming little bits, "Les Conditions Impossibles" and "Le Petit Bois d'Amour," but most delightful of all were the little song of advice to maids, "Le Lien Serré," and to parents, "La Défense Inutile," and to Javotte "Les Belles Manières"—the last a sort of condensed code of etiquette on how to decline or accept a suitor. The two last numbers on the program—"Ma Cousinette" and "Colinette"—aroused much merriment.

The fame and popularity of Madame Guilbert rest upon the art and perfection with which she does even the smallest thing. With no voice to speak of, she nevertheless holds and charms her audiences. The secret is her wonderful personality and the keen intelligence she brings to all her interpretations. Emotionally she is a very fine actress. Her sincerity and power are further heightened by her technique, which permits her to run the whole gamut of emotion. In her chosen field she is inimitable.

M. M.

In "Les Anneaux de Marionson"



In "The Women of France"  
(Carol of the sixteenth century)  
(Upper picture) In "The Golden Legend"  
(Carol of the fifteenth century)



# LE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS OUVRE SES PORTES



Photos Byron Sa Femme  
(Irene Bordoni)  
Un soldat—"D'où venez vous?"

Un soldat  
(Victor Feld)

La Cantinière  
(Mme. Dufresnay)

One of the artistic sensations of the present French season is, no doubt, the production of a one-act drama of the present war, entitled "Son Homme" and acted to perfection by Mlle. Irene Bordoni and M. Edgar Becman. The story of the play deals with the war, and two characters belong to the people of the underworld. An out-cast, separated from her lover, fights her way to the firing line to meet him again but without success. She finds shelter in a home near the trenches where her lover suddenly appears and she tells him of the struggles she had to go through to earn money while he was away. She is glad to bring him some of it. But the war has wrought a change in him. The dissolute life of former days appeals to him no longer; he is ashamed of his former associates. He tells her of what has happened at the front, how his comrades have fallen right and left for an ideal. He says

**A**FTER two years of struggle, the Théâtre Français is now firmly established in New York, and the former Berkeley Lyceum, rechristened and tastefully decorated, now echoes the joys, the laughter, and the thrills in the works of the best known of the French dramatists.

No doubt, owing to the war, the manager, Mr. Lucien Bonheur, had considerable trouble in assembling a company. He is to be congratulated, however, on the success of his efforts. The stock company he has formed is really worth while, and demonstrates clearly that what a French organization can accomplish under unfavorable conditions, can certainly be done as well by some of our American producers. As it is Mr. Bonheur can boast of at least one particular star who has made an immediate success. We refer to Mlle. Lillian Greuze, who has already appeared in two comedies, "Mlle. Josette, Ma Femme," which served as the starring vehicle for Miss Billie Burke under the title "My Wife," and "Petite Peste," by Romain Coolus.

Mlle. Greuze is a finished comedienne and has charm, youth, and beauty. She easily measured

developed histrionic talent. There is a pleasing reserve about her acting. In "Petite Peste" she was given the opportunity to exercise her power as a comedienne which she did most effectively. The play itself is typical of French comedy and carried the audience by its scintillating dialogue.

To Mlle. Andrée Méry, another leading lady, has fallen the more serious rôles. Her first ap-

pearance was in "Les Marionnettes," a piece in which Mme. Nazimova appeared two or three years ago. There is one thing to be specially commended in all these French actors, that is the simplicity with which they act. They are so natural that they give the illusion of real life. As we go to press, in addition to the three plays above mentioned, there have been presented "Mon Ami Teddy," "Denise" and "La Princesse Georges," not to speak of the literary matinées when "L'Abbé Constantin," "Mlle. de la Seiglière" and "La Souris" were given. The members of the company are Raymond Faure, Claude Benedict, Fred Verley, Paul Cerny, Georges Renavent, Pierre Mindaist, Georges Saulieu, Emile

Detramont, Lillian Greuze, Mado Ditz, Madeleine Rivort, Jenny Diska, Alice Daguiry, Simone Revyl, Georgette Ducellier and Victor Feld.



La cantinière—"Que viens-tu faire ici?"  
Brulot—"J'arrive du feu."

Jules Brulot  
(Edgar Becman)

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stage of quality. One is especially jarred by the deliberate way the actors sometimes enter a drawing room without removing their hats. It is not considered the best form to drink the remains from another person's coffee cup, nor is it usual in polite society for a butler to bring in a telegram in any other manner than on a salver. Such barbarities as these have no place in a theatre catering to well-bred audiences.



Sa femme—"Tu m'épouseras tout de même?"



Brulot—"La guerre, vois tu—ça refait un homme."

up to the startling reports regarding her beauty. She has naturally all of the charm which should accompany beauty, besides possessing a highly

Detramont, Lillian Greuze, Mado Ditz, Madeleine Rivort, Jenny Diska, Alice Daguiry, Simone Revyl, Georgette Ducellier and Victor Feld.





EDNA MAY LEWISOHN

Eighteen years ago Edna May rose to sudden fame as Violet Gray in "The Belle of New York." Today she is the wife of Oscar Lewisohn, an English millionaire. At the Vitagraph studio shortly before Christmas she acted for a photoplay. It is to be her first and last screen appearance, she says, and all the money received is to be given to the Red Cross Society. The years have been kind to the Belle of New York. They have not robbed her of her beauty.



CHARLES EDISON IN HIS THIMBLE THEATRE

In addition to writing music and poetry, inventing automobile parts and assisting his famous father, Charles Edison, son of Thomas A. Edison, spends part of his time operating his little Thimble Theatre on Fifth Avenue. Its purpose is to give expression to American singers and players. Young Edison also works in his father's laboratories where he is known as the "repair-man." In leisure moments he writes poetry, under the nom de plume "Tom Sleeper." He is twenty-six years of age and already has to his credit a valuable patent of his own for an electric automobile.



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John McCormack, the popular Irish singer with his wife and children, Cyril and Gwendolin.

Raymonde Delaunois, mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House Company, and her husband, Louis Thomas. Mme. Delaunois went to the front in Flanders to meet her husband, who is fighting with the French army.





I AM not in the least addicted to a glorification of the "good old times," as we fondly call the days in which we did not live. There is no doubt at all in my mind that we are enjoying a cosy and an affable age; further than that, I think it is exceedingly likely that our descendants will be even cosier and affabler than we are, though they too, will have their good old times to deplore, because:

*Men have thought in every age, the age however grand,  
That milken streams, an age before,  
flowed gently through the land.*

Still there are some things—and the theatre is one of them—that nip our optimism in the bud, and it is quite justifiable to contrast the drama that was, with the drama that is, realizing, of course, that its present condition is temporary. If it hasn't gone to the dogs, it has at least gone to the "movies" (personally I prefer the dogs!), and we, who love it, must lure it back to our affectionate midst, and save a situation which, as you analyze it, seems quite extraordinary.

To-day—and hang the "good old times" on that point—we have more "talent" than we ever had; our taste is finer than it ever was, for we are veritable epicures; our theatres are more luxurious, more opulent, and more comfortable than they ever were; our managers no longer die in poor houses, but live fatly on the fat of the land—lordly and dictatorial creatures!—but our actors and actresses, who have swept themselves into the great places of life, in an easy, graceful and spectacular manner, have become so pampered that plays are written around their "personalities"; parts are "built" to fit them—as though characters were as simple as suits of clothes—and every stimulus to fine acting and high endeavor has been removed. "Stars" are made over night by the foolish chatter of newspapers, and the inconsequential palaver of critics. The age is actor-riddled.

One looks aghast at the recent brew of leading men and leading women. The nullity of their appeal, the creaking terror of their mechanism, and their artless inability to cope with anything more than the outward appearance of the rôles they "create" (and "create" is such a lovely word applied to puppets!) shoo us back to the past, and force us to pessimistic reflection. The smart but exhausted actors of to-day, cast for rôles that they cannot fathom, but can only look, are largely responsible for a movement that is temporarily sweeping the public away from the theatres. For these tedious and unvarying people, plays are written, playwrights sacrifice their ideas, critics juggle with the truth, and—managers relax.

It is the "type" and not the ability that counts to-day. Possibly some lean, attenuated and perfectly inexperienced actor has, by some fluke of fate, managed to "create" a good impression (you see I always speak respectfully of them as "creators") in a particular play. In that play, perhaps, he appeared in costume, in one act, and in "full evening dress"

## "Types" Not Actors, Wanted!

*It is the "type" and not the ability that counts on the stage today. In the managerial mind the adventuress always has dark hair, the dowager must wear black velvet and diamonds, and the brand of the gentleman is his jaunty topper and his white kid gloves. There are scores of actors clamoring for a hearing, but they are doomed to silence.*

By ALAN DALE

in another. He had not been selected for the rôle because he fitted it—being totally without experience, but he happened to fall into it, to be pushed into it, and to emerge with honor by mere accident.

What happens? The stage manager takes unto himself the credit for the accident; so does the manager who is always proud of this kind of unpremeditated "acumen"; so do the critics who have discovered a new dramatic force. For this



The Dowager

unfortunate person, a new play is immediately written "to order," and it doesn't matter in the least what kind of play as long as it gives this victim a chance to wear costume in one act, and evening dress in another. And so he continues in plays of that ilk, season after season, until the public begins to feel a sensation of nausea, and the poor chap falls by the wayside. I say "poor chap" but his poverty is not in evidence. He has grown haughty, affluent, domineering and impossible. The time comes when his adoring critics become ribald and uncomplimentary. It is the end. The misguided actor rushes into print, horrified at the cruelty of his crucifixion, and then—vaudeville!

If the heroine of a new play happens to be a fluffy little lady, with the manners of an ingenue, and a pictorial tendency to a blissful wedded end, the manager, acute and alert, glances around for a "type." Of course, a dozen actresses could play the part—in fact few couldn't play it—and it doesn't occur to the manager that it might be a good and pious scheme to cast for the rôle the actress who graced his success of last season. Cast her for an ingenue? Could anything be more ludicrous? No, he must secure a "type," somebody closely identified with ingenue rôles, otherwise the public will laugh, he reasons. Where to get her? He looks through the list of current plays, and notes that a young woman at an adjacent theatre, is playing just that sort of ingenue rôle in a success. The fact that the play is a success, is exceedingly material. By hook or by crook, he must have her, and often it is by crook that he gets her—by offering her a largely augmented wage. Perhaps the rival manager is willing to let her go, in which case we read that she appears "by permission of Mr. So-and-So"

The public says: "Oh, there she is again. She is always the same. Her baby voice and her wistful lisp never vary. She is beginning to get on our nerves."

The manager, however, is happy. He cannot possibly be mistaken in casting this "type" for that particular rôle. The girl herself leaps into it easily. It is

"another of those things" and it doesn't worry her in the least. All she has to do is to "be herself"—which seems to be the aim of acting to-day. Actors must be secured to "be themselves," and in the case of stars—which is the usual case—the art of the luckless playwright is bent to the task of writing characters that give the stars a chance to "be themselves."

That is the fallacy of to-day—that the actor to succeed must "play himself."

Suppose that the manager is casting a play in which there is a humorous "slavey" rôle. After reading the manuscript, if he can (and if he can't, for he is not precisely "scholastic," his readers do the work for him) he is obsessed with the idea of the "slavey" rôle. It is exactly like that which made such a hit in, let us say, "A Pair of Sixes." He has a long list of actresses under contract, but he cannot remember that any of them ever played "slavey" rôles. That they could play them, or should be able to play them never occurs to him. He is not taking risks. He is not in the business for his health, or for the education of his actors. In his mind's eye, he sees perhaps, May Vokes, or Maude Eburne—years ago, of course, he "saw" May Robson. The wires are kept busy, ascertaining the whereabouts of women able to play "slavey" rôles—just because they have played them! The mere idea of doing without them, appals him. They are "types." This is an age of "types," and he is not content until he has engaged one of them. As for the poor "slavey" actresses themselves, they get no opportunity to play any other sort of rôle. "Slaveys" they have been, and "slaveys" they must be, and "slaveys" they are to this relentless, degrading, managerial condition. That in other rôles such clever women could assuredly "make good" is something that the manager never considers. He wants a "fit," and he must, will, and does have it.

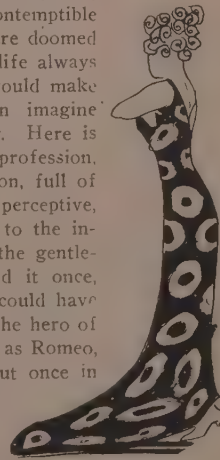
For the hero of a modern comedy, he looks around for the actor who has made a hit in "full evening dress," and who has the manners of a gentleman. You often hear such silly managerial rubbish as "He always looks the gentleman"—as though the poor fellow could ever get an opportunity to look anything else! The awful, the contemptible fate of those actors who are doomed to go through their stage life always "looking the gentleman" would make the angels weep! I can imagine nothing more excruciating. Here is a youth who entered the profession, filled with laudable ambition, full of enthusiasm, dramatically perceptive, innately artistic, relegated to the infamy of always "looking the gentleman," just because he did it once, and made a success. He could have achieved equal success as the hero of a mining camp, or perhaps as Romeo, or Orlando, or Hamlet, but once in a modern comedy, all the critics said he "looked the gentleman,"

The Gentleman

The Adventuress



The Slavey





and that was his finish. In swallow tails, white kid gloves, and a jaunty "topper" he must end his days, until his age relegates him to "old men"—and they too, can wear swallow tails, white kid gloves, and jaunty "toppers." What a fate!

I wonder how many suits of "evening clothes" John Drew has worn out in his dalliance with rôles that always "look the gentleman!" Mr. Drew has, of course, succeeded in other rôles, principally during his career with Augustin Daly, and he is an actor of exceptional worth. Still, the "John Drew rôles" for a very long time have always "looked the gentleman." In his case, we need not repine, but as I look through the tremendous and awe-inspiring list of plays in which I have seen him, I wonder again how many suits of "evening clothes" he has worn out. Some enquiring mind might possibly solve the problem.

Then there is the "type" for the "adventuress," the traditions of which must be maintained. The actress must *look* the rôle—just as though anybody couldn't be an adventuress, and as though in real life, adventuresses always conformed to a fixed idea! But the manager thinks he knows his public, and he isn't on earth to teach actors their business—not he! In the managerial mind, the adventuress always has dark hair, with which a red gown contrasts so forcefully. The career of his play would be imperilled if he entrusted the rôle to the little blonde girl who did such admirable work in his society play last season. He wants somebody of the Maxine Elliott "type," majestic, florid, full-blown, and handsome. Such a woman, and such a woman only can sit on the edge of a table, and smoke a cigarette. You will have perceived ere this, that the manager is no student of human nature. Why should he be? What has human nature to do with the stage? What he knows, or what he thinks he knows, is stage human nature, which in the condition of the drama to-day, is something very different indeed.

So he hustles around for some stately brunette—the "type" that he believes to be essential, and the public is so well drilled in the inane conventions of the stage, that she is recognized immediately. No sooner does she enter than the spectators realize that here is the adventuress, the beautiful, voluminous creature who is going to wreck a home, and make the life of the wispy, lispy little heroine miserable until the last act, when she will be discovered, and driven out.

Could anything be more short-sighted, and more egregiously inaccurate? To insist that certain "types" only can vivify certain rôles, because they look like those who have done it before, is almost burlesque. But, seriously, it deals the death blow to good acting. It hits "art" in its solar-plexus, and the drama writhes at the ignominy of it all.

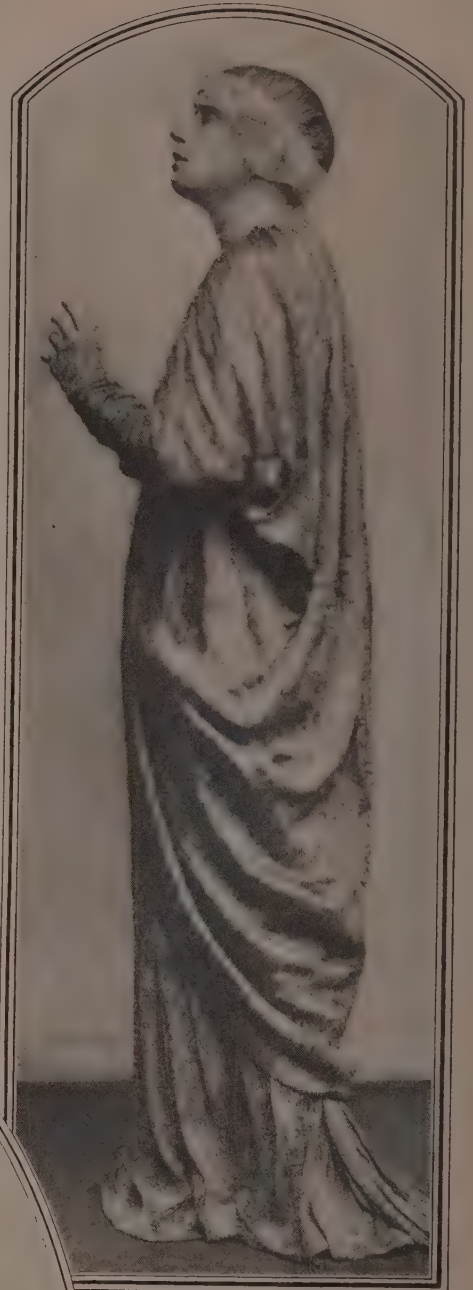
Then there is the "villain"—always a "type." Certain actors *must* play villains, just as certain actors must play heroes, according to the idiosyncrasies of modern methods of casting plays. It is not on record that any actor has ever rebelled at the managerial insistence upon his pictorial villainy. Yet he would be perfectly justified in doing it. I should think it must be rather nasty to be looked upon as good for nothing but villainy. I should hate it. I think it would really drive me to crime. By dint of playing villains, season in and season out, as so many actors do, because they suggest the "type,"

I think that the psychological power of suggestion would begin to work.

The actor who plays a villain one season, will play a villain next season. The manager will see to that. Fortunately, he will never be out of an engagement, as so many "types" are, because there is nothing for them to *look*. There is a villain in every play, not always of the most nefarious brand, and the actor associated with that line of part is usually busy. Nor is he allowed to tone the villain down. It may occur to him that villains in real life do not invariably wear their sinister nature embroidered on their coat sleeves, and he may endeavor to humanize the character. But he is squelched by the stage manager, reprimanded by the manager, and told to conform to the "type." His aspirations are crushed. He must do exactly what he did before, and what he will be asked to do again.

There is the "dowager" type who will never play any other brand of lady. It is her duty to look ancestral and "elegant" in black velvet and diamonds, and to utter epigrams with distinct enunciation, because she has done that all her life. A dozen competent and fresher actresses might be able to act the dowager much more convincingly, and with possibly some newer effect. That, they will not be permitted to do. The manager believes that the public clamors for one "type" and does not hanker for any sort of surprise or revelation. So the poor old girl who has worn black velvet and diamonds, and sat on gold chairs, and said things that no living person would say, is cast once more for the identical rôle. She knows she can do it, of course, but she must sigh occasionally at these arbitrary restrictions.

The actor who is fat, must always be funny, which is rubbing it in with a vengeance. It is



© Ira L. Hill GRACE LA RUE  
Well-known player in vaudeville  
(Gown by Hickson)

bad enough, goodness knows, to be really fat, without having to turn the disastrous condition into humorous account. I think that Wilkie Collins was the only writer of fiction who ever dared to invent a fat villain. The stout actor can be cast for one "type" of rôle, and probably if he reduced himself, he would find that the condition still clung to him. The same thing applies to the actress. Her "type" is photographed in the managerial mind—or the place where his mind should be—and fat she will look to him, to the end of her days. To "reduce" would mean to start a new career, to begin the sad game all over again, to seek an engagement on her merits, which have been fat for so many years, and cannot be lean now. Misericordia!

Then there is the manager's favorite, who must play the leading rôle in anything, no matter what she looks like! She is the "type" that the manager appreciates, and if the public doesn't agree with him, so much the worse for the pub-



© Ira L. Hill

PEGGY RUSH  
Recently played the leading feminine rôle in "Quinnys"



lic! To do the manager justice, he may possibly realize her dramatic limitations—but it isn't for those that he appreciates her. When he *does* realize those limitations, all he has to do is to get a play to fit them. He may have a dozen good dramas on his desk, but there is nothing in any of them that she could illumine. She is a "type"—his type!—and he is bound to see that she is fitted, and not asked to act more than she can help doing. It is a very simple matter. Many of the latest plays have been selected for this "type" of actress, and if they were not good plays, that was not the manager's fault. She must be permitted the luxury of "playing herself," and the new brew of playwright, realizing the situation, bombards her with manuscripts. The poor girl may be, and probably will be, succeeded, in the not very distant future, but at least she can make hay while the sun (or the manager) shines!

You often hear the comment of the uninitiated: "Why on earth is *she* cast for the part?" Or: "Of course, she is very nice and pretty but she never does anything. Why is she always with us?"

Simple, guileless souls! The manager's "type"

is very important in the casting of plays to-day, and she is particularly insistent upon her surroundings. If she happens to own blonde hair this season, no other feminine member of the cast must vie with her. The supporting women must contrast but not conflict with her. The leading man must be tall enough to permit her to look up confidently, trustfully, and girlishly into his face! He may be a particularly bad actor, but that is of small import. The manager may have on his payroll many actors who could give to the rôle a splendid significance, but they are too short. Impossible for her to look up confidently, trustfully, and girlishly into their faces, which would be on a level with her own.

Some day there will arise a manager who will hark backwards sufficiently to cherish the idea that an actor who can act is more valuable than an actor who can *look*, and—perish the idea of "types." This manager will eschew the detestable notion that, to succeed, all an actor has to do is to "play himself." If the drama is to live, and the "movies" are to be discouraged, the sooner this new-old *régime* sets in, the better. How we all used to love to see *our* favorites—not the manager's—in widely different rôles, and

how surprised and delighted we were when we failed to recognize them, as they made their first appearance. Perhaps they had been on the stage for five minutes before we discovered their identity. It was necessary for them to act, to differentiate these rôles from those they had essayed in the last play. The old actor would have scoffed at the ugly idea of being a "type," and of using his own personality. It was his aim and ambition to sink that personality in the rôle he was playing—to get as far away from himself as he possibly could—to give you something more for your money than a display of personal vanity and egotism. And the actress who spoke comedy epigrams in one play and, cast in the next for the stringent utterances of melodrama, forsook her "mannerisms and eccentricities" in an endeavor to think of the playwright rather than of herself, was very dear to us. Actors and actresses of this school could be relied upon to work for their appreciation. They had a difficult task. This was "art." This was the real significance of the senseless thing we call to-day "dramatic art," which no manager cares a straw about. We didn't recognize the villain, the heroine, the dowager, (Continued on page 42)

## Making Switzerland on Sixth Avenue



WHEN Charles Dillingham was planning his present entertainment, "Hip-Hip-Hooray," for the New York Hippodrome, he racked his brain for some feature that would be new. Dancing was on the wane, ice skating was coming to take its place. Why not make the feature act a skating spectacle such as never had been staged in this country? It was a happy thought, and thus "Flirting at St. Moritz," the theatrical marvel of the season, was born. But there were many problems to be overcome, mechanical as well as artistic, in producing a winter scene duplicating the little Alpine village of St. Moritz. That the results are beautiful and atmospherically true to the snow-covered distances of Switzerland, thousands of people realize without having an idea of how they are obtained. And the biggest puzzle of all is the frozen lake on which one sees Charlotte and the other splendid skaters from the Berlin Ice-Palace.

The immense pool in the Hippodrome has been put to varied uses from the day the doors first were opened to a curious public, to the time it floated the good ship "Pinafore" in the spectacular revival of the famous opera. And now it has been transformed into a sheet of ice, frozen early last autumn and calculated to last until Mr. Dillingham's performers leave for a vacation next spring. But how was this remarkable piece of stage engineering accomplished? Many have

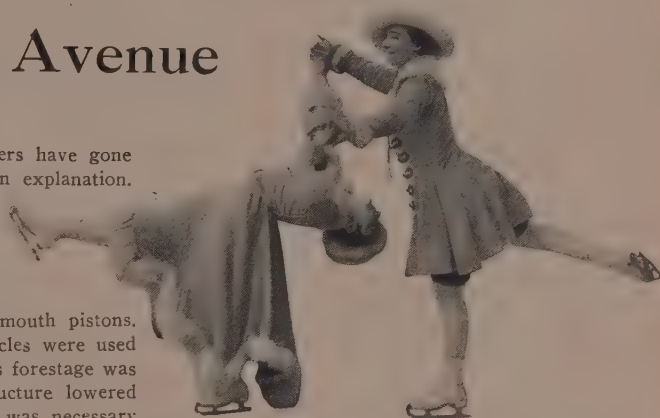
asked the question and many others have gone wide of the mark in supplying an explanation.

To begin with, the forestage, 96 by 45 feet, is cut into sections approximately 12 by 6 feet. These sections rest on a framework of iron girders, which in turn are supported by four mammoth pistons. In other days, when water spectacles were used as a part of the entertainment, this forestage was removed in sections and the structure lowered on its pistons to whatever depth was necessary for the aquatic spectacle. In making the ice stage, the iron structure was lowered to a depth of only 18 inches. Upon this framework rests a system of pipes through which brine and ammonia are run; a plant technically known as the Compressor System. The pipes are placed in series about 2½ inches apart and resemble more than anything else gigantic steam radiators. Sixteen thousand feet of 1½ inch pipe are required in the Hippodrome ice-producing machine.

The shallow tank which holds the pipes is lined with a layer of cork four inches thick; cork also being used on the bottom of the sections of the forestage to protect the actors from cold during the acts preceding the ice ballet. It may be interesting to note that the cork used in the ice machine cost \$2,000.

When the complicated apparatus had been properly installed last autumn the system was tested, the pipes being lowered to a temperature of about ten degrees, after which water was run over them to a depth of six inches. It took just sixty-five hours to freeze Lake Moritz; but once frozen the surface has given little trouble, and the engineers promise that it will be in good condition long after the skating months have passed. To keep the ice in its present state it is necessary to run the plant for about two hours after the matinée each day and for about eight hours each night. It is estimated that if the plant were shut down the lake would not melt for twenty-four hours, but the management keeps on the safe side and depends on science to assist nature.

Those who have seen the Hippodrome spectacle will recall that the second act closes at the San Francisco Fair, and the third opens at the lake in Switzerland. During the intermission the fore-



stage, previously mentioned, is taken up in sections and hurriedly carted down runways to the regions under the playhouse. The ice caretakers then go over the surface with brushes to make certain that it is in perfect condition; the première skater and her two hundred associates test their skates and the curtain is drawn aside on an unparalleled scene that is wonderfully like the picturesque village after which it is modeled. In the foreground is the great lake sheltered by snow-capped hills, and far in the background one sees the lights twinkling in the windows of the houses in the little mountain settlement.

The ice naturally shows the effect of constant usage, and following each performance, before the stage is relaid for the coming entertainment, a scraper machine is run over the surface, cutting away ⅛ of an inch. This is removed and the ice is then treated to a fine spray of hot water. When the hot water has evened the lake to a perfect surface, the plant is started, and a new coat of about ⅛ of an inch is frozen.

Then the greatest ice stage in the world is once more ready for the remarkable exhibition of fancy skating by the agile Charlotte and her graceful ballet. American enterprise and mechanical genius has accomplished the seemingly impossible—the transference of snow-clad and picturesque St. Moritz, Switzerland, to Sixth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, New York. L. D.





# Scenes in Avery Hopwood's Farce "Fair and Warmer" at the Eltinge



Janet Beecher John Cumberland  
Act I. Mrs. Bartlett tells her husband  
he bores her.



Hamilton Revelle Ralph Morgan Madge Kennedy  
Act I. Mr. Bartlett rages at Mrs. Bartlett's  
"tame robin."



Act I. Blanny Wheeler and Billy  
Bartlett plan revenge.

THE first act opens on a family disagreement between Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, because Mrs. Bartlett likes parties, and Mr. Bartlett thinks his place is the home. There enters an ex-suitor of Mrs. Bartlett's, who cajoles her off to the opera with him. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wheeler, meanwhile, have arrived with the notion that they had been invited to dinner on that night. They are discovered to be as sadly ill-assorted as the Bartletts, except that it is Mrs. Wheeler who is



Act II. The revenge is fairly started.

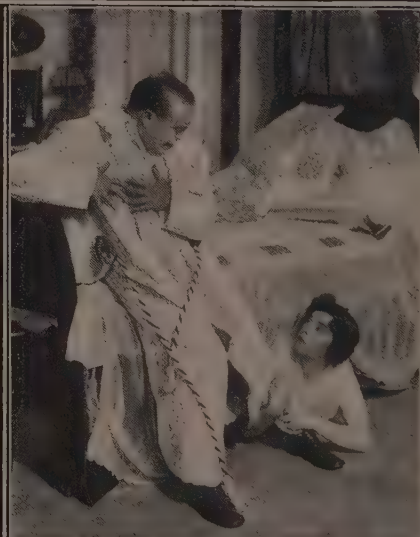
overly domestic, and Jack who pines for a spree. Mr. Bartlett and Mrs. Wheeler are left alone. They vow a revenge. Although they have no fondness for each other, they agree to sit up together till the errant spouses come back, who, finding them thus compromised, will be abashed by their own wickedness, and will reform. As the clock winds over towards the small hours, the two innocents can hardly keep awake, and, having heard that drinks were great for keeping a party going, they begin to mix and drink all the fearsome brews that ignorance and a cellaret can provide. Instead of being penitent and abashed on their return, Mrs. Bartlett and Mr. Wheeler are outraged and threaten the extreme penalty of the law. The explanations which don't explain, and the circumstantial evidence which tightens with every coil, very nearly wreck the two households.



Act III. Mrs. Bartlett reads the riot act.



Act III. The evidence against Billy Bartlett accumulates.



Act III. The culprits try to conceal themselves.



# Vicissitudes of a Playwright

**B**EFORE a man writes a play he generally spends about ten years in turning out 'all-but' plays," remarked Jules Eckert Goodman, author of "Mother," and the dramatization of Stevenson's story, "Treasure Island." An 'all-but' play is something like a motor car with a broken motor. It looks correct enough to the

*Jules Eckert Goodman tells of his early struggles to get a hearing on Broadway before he made his first hit with "Mother".*

son and Delilah"; but even here the sentence was only temporarily commuted, for in due time "Samson and Delilah" met with a similar fate and

mother and the idea seemed more I

especially merry one.

"Then came 'Mother.' I could recall no instance of a play based on a good. The thought of it, the better it appeared, and, on reaching New York I went straight to Edgar Selwyn.

"I can give you the title of a play I want to write," I said. "It is called 'Mother.' More than that I don't know."

"All right, go ahead," answered Selwyn.

"The production of 'Mother' went through as scheduled, but one incident of the opening night, I think, is worth mentioning, because it illustrates how far wrong a writer may go in calculating the effect of his lines. Quite a party of us went to Plainfield for the try-out—the Selwyns, Eugene Walter, and others far more experienced in play building than myself. In writing the third act I had tried to work up to a powerful climax, something filled with human feeling, and every line was written in deadly earnest. As I figured it, the entire play depended upon the grip of this third act. At a climactic moment the situation seemed to me to demand a bitter expression of feeling. The elder son, having forged a check, has returned home expecting to be taken to task by his mother, but instead is treated with kindness. In the course of the scene between them he says: 'I beg your pardon, I have talked to my wife so much that I have forgotten how to talk to a lady.'

"Humor was far from my thoughts when I gave the actor these words to speak. To my mind they were tragic. But the audience laughed.

Right in the middle of my biggest dramatic scene a laugh went all over the house. Personally, it was the most pitiful laughter I ever heard. To me, it was laughter that meant the failure of 'Mother.'

"I waited until the curtain dropped before turning to Walter. 'That's awful,' I said.

"Not a bit of it," he replied. 'You needed a laugh at that point to relieve the tension. That's the most necessary line in the play.' Selwyn agreed with him and there was no alteration in my unintentional comedy. During the long run of 'Mother' audiences continued to find humor in the man's estimate of his wife.

"Never was there a time so favorable to authors as now. Writers with talent will be met half way." **LYNDE DENIG.**

Tim Murphy as Bill Bones



White

JULES ECKERT GOODMAN

Who dramatized Robert Louis Stevenson's juvenile classic, "Treasure Island," for the stage

soon followed its fellows into the scrap heap.

During the ten years preceding the slaughter of the "all-but" plays, Mr. Goodman had lived the vicarious life of a young literary man in New York dependent upon his earnings. He came out of Harvard with a classical training and confidence. In order to become a playwright, however, it was necessary to eat, and with this necessity in mind, Mr. Goodman welcomed the opportunity of becoming editor of *Current Literature*. With the passing of the summer there came a swift, unexpected and complete reversal of fortune. From being one of the great legion of the unproduced, this author found his name attached to three plays, accepted and staged all in the period of a few months.

Edgar Selwyn knew Mr. Goodman personally, but that really had nothing to do with his selling "The Test," which suited Miss Walsh so well that she used it on the road for many months. It happened that Louis Mann needed a play for the coming season and the Selwyns called the author of "The Test" for a conference with the actor. The outcome of this meeting was "The Man Who Stood Still," written by Mr. Goodman under the title of "The New Generation," a name that was dropped because of the danger of confusion with "The Regeneration," in which Arnold Daly was appearing at the time. The last of the trio of plays, "The Right to Live," the author disposed of himself; but its life was a short and not an

audience laughed. Right in the middle of my biggest dramatic scene a laugh went all over the house. Personally, it was the most pitiful laughter I ever heard. To me, it was laughter that meant the failure of 'Mother.'

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Tim Murphy as Bill Bones

Photos White

Frank Sylvester as Pew, the blind beggar

superficial observer; but it won't go and the hopeful author proceeds to polish the dialogue until he sees no flaw in the smooth brightness of the lines. Like a car with a broken motor, it may appear very impressive, but still refuses to move under its own power. One cannot polish life into an inanimate object, no more can one rub the 'but' out of an 'all-but' play—a play that may possess everything save dramatic life."

A lot of paper may be run through a typewriter in ten years. There will be scenarios written in the confidence of sudden inspiration and tucked away in a desk for future development; first acts in which the author used all his ammunition and then surrendered; completed plays endorsed by friends and rejected by managers. The emotion, the enthusiasm, much that is sacred and fine in the spirit of youth, is represented in the bundle of paper that nobody wants. Mr. Goodman had such a store of manuscripts—the accumulation of ten years—when his first play was accepted. His disposition of these extremely personal effects is significant. Surely it required courage and probably few will deny the indication of practical wisdom.

In the autumn of 1908, through the play agents, the Selwyns, Mr. Goodman sold "The Test," in which Blanche Walsh was starred, and "The Man Who Stood Still," written for Louis Mann. On the day that Mr. Goodman sold "The Test" he returned to his room—the room of stillborn plays and ideas that never grew up—and reasoned the matter out like this: "I have written something that at least is worth trying on the stage. Apparently I am on the right track now, and if I am going to stay there it is best not to waste time on old stuff. If the plays lying around here were any good someone would have taken them. So long as they are in existence there will be the temptation to work them over, when I might better be doing something fresh. If I haven't enough new ideas without turning backward, I'm not a playwright anyway."

Having reached this conclusion, Mr. Goodman smothered his sentimental regard for his brain children and destroyed the papers that embalmed them. Just one was saved, a poetic, soul-stirring drama called "Sam-

Oswald Yorke as Black Dog

Characters in the Stage Version of Robert Louis Stevenson's Famous Story "Treasure Island" at the Punch and Judy Theatre



# Leo Ditrichstein---Player and Playwright

THEY are the never-to-be-forgotten lessons in acting."

*The successful creator of Jean Paurel, the famous tenor in "The Great Lover" in whom many see Richard Mansfield's successor as America's leading character actor, tells where he got his greatest lessons in acting.*

\* By EILEEN O'CONNOR

Leo Ditrichstein, the player-playwright, in whom many see Richard Mansfield's successor as America's leading character actor, had been telling me of the unconscious lessons in acting which he had received. The author, star, and player of the title rôle of that keen yet tender drama of life behind the scenes in grand opera, "The Great Lover," spent his boyhood and early youth in Vienna. In that gay city, interwoven with artistic fibre, he saw the giants of the stage of that time. He saw Ludwig Baumeister and Adolph Sonnenthal, Tomaso Salvini and his great rival, Ernesto Rossi, and Edwin Booth. Baumeister he saw in "The Judge of Salamea" in which he still appears occasionally, and on those occasions crowds the playhouse. Adolph Sonnenthal played the romantic rôles of his time. Tomaso Salvini's Othello, and Ernesto Rossi's, he saw, and he witnessed Edwin Booth's performances of Othello, Iago and Hamlet.

He had taken to them all abundant youthful enthusiasm, and he had carried away impressions emotional and indelible. He had received unconscious lessons in acting and the unconscious lessons he considered the greatest.

A man of medium height and weight, with the steel colored eyes of acute mentality, is Leo Ditrichstein. His age does not matter for he is of those men who are ageless. He moves with the suddenness and swiftness of the man of nervous temperament. He speaks with the directness of a man who knows the weight and value of words. He wears a close fitting suit of gray. He smokes rapidly a cigarette. He leaves one chair and takes another, or he walks about the table in the sitting room of his hotel suite as he talks.

"The personality and the art of the great quintette sunk deeply into my youthful consciousness. They registered and remained. Ludwig Baumeister's sincerity in his rôle of the citizen who lost his daughter to a marauding officer, and who, created judge by the citizens, passed sentence of death upon that officer, was ineffaceable.

"He was a man of one line of parts. He was an actor of crude, great character. He could not have created a character requiring suavity. He had no need. His Judge of Salamea is a mountain peak towering above the valley of mediocre attainment. I came away from the theatre, after seeing him, with a never to be forgotten lesson.

His performance was an object lesson in the strength of sincerity.

"His simple speech to his king, in short sentences, telling his grief as a father and his right

lasting possession by the memory of it.

"I understood Italian and revelled in Salvini's Othello. I recall that the stage was set with four great pillars. In the scene in which he over-

heard Iago and another talking of the falseness of his Desdemona he hid behind one of these pillars, and now and then he groaned. It was such a sound as would come from a lion in its death agony. Tomaso Salvini's performance of Othello was leonine. Rossi's was tigerish. Rossi's Othello, while listening to the gossip of the men, ran back and forth between the pillars, with quick, tigerish movements.

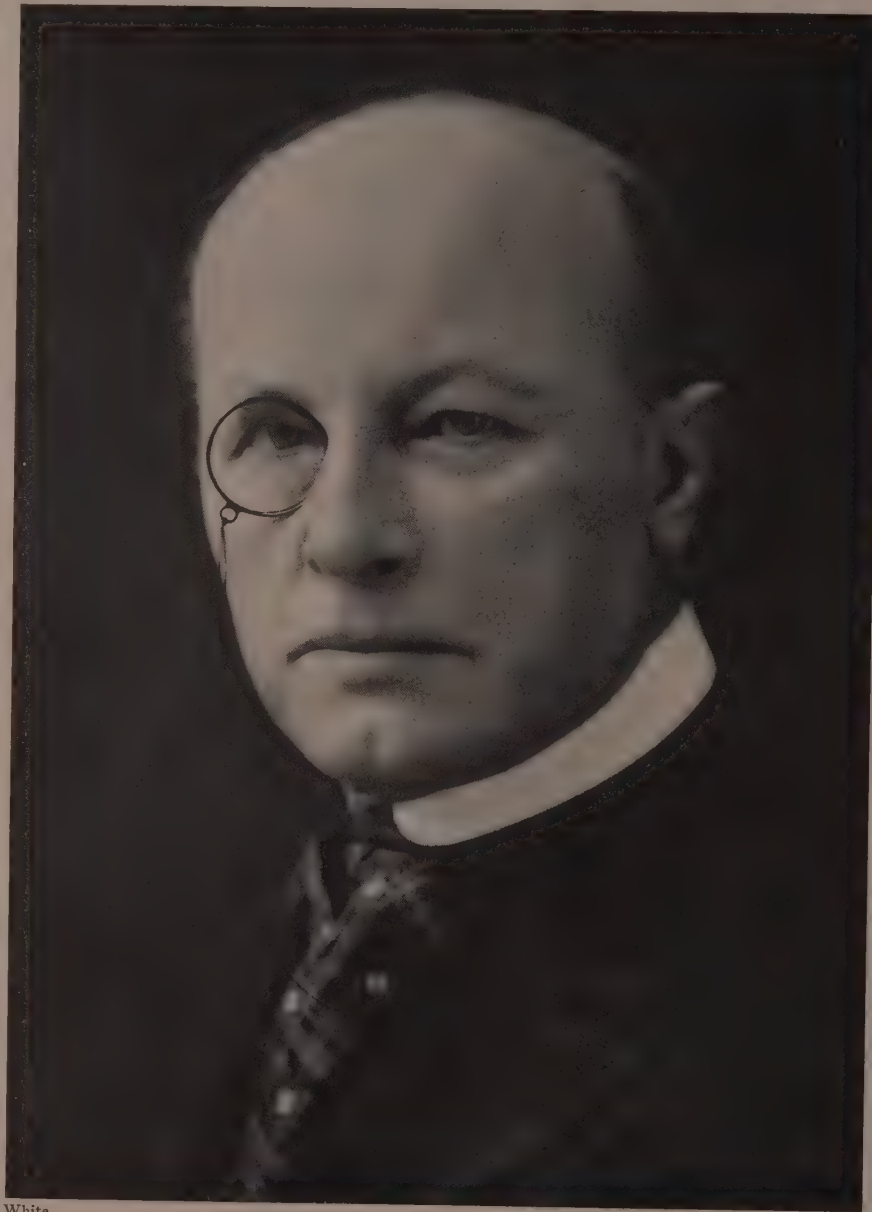
"It may have been because I saw him oftener, or that I was older and more receptive when I witnessed his performances, but I got more from Adolph Sonnenthal than from any other artist of the stage.

"Sonnenthal was the foremost romantic actor of his time. But, what means far more, he was a great and thoroughly manly man, rich in the wealth of kindness. He died a few years ago. His daughter published his letters. Those letters reflected a great and generous soul. There was an incident in my acquaintance with him that proved it. While I was a raw young actor, an unknown in a small company at Passau, Sonnenthal came there to play with a local company. He endeavored to teach me a bit of comedy. I tried it four times but couldn't get it. Before the rehearsal was over he again tried twice. Overawed by this great man of the theatre, and having no confidence in myself, I still couldn't get the bit he tried to teach me. He shook his head and walked away. I went home and tried it in private.

Some echo of his teaching came to me. In my quiet environment of home I grasped what he meant. That evening after the performance he sent for me and I went to him in his dressing room. He sat before his dressing table resting. He looked up when I entered. Into his eyes came a roguish glance, tempered with his characteristic kindness.

"Young man," he said, "if you keep on playing that scene so well I'll have to stop acting. What will become of a poor actor like me?"

"I tottered out of the room, overwhelmed, but in the eighth heaven of happiness. That moment hero worship was born in my breast. Sonnenthal was the man and artist of my worship.



White

LEO DITRICHSTEIN IN PRIVATE LIFE

as a judge could easily have become rant. In his hands it was bleeding, throbbing, quivering life."

"What was your impression of Booth?"

"His Othello was an Anglo Saxon one. I recall a sense of boyish disappointment in that, but his Iago was subtle and compelling. He got a great deal of comedy out of his Iago. His Hamlet was his best character. When anything is perfect it leaves nothing to be wished, little to be said. I remember the marvelous beauty of his eyes. They were his most potent instrument in acting. I did not speak English at that time. I could not understand a word Edwin Booth spoke. But his movements were a lesson in grace. Every





Arthur Lewis      Leo Ditrichstein      Virginia Fox Brooks

Beverly Sitgreaves      Julian Little

Act I. Jean Paurel (Mr. Ditrichstein)—I must have Miss Warren to play the rôle. She has a beautiful voice.

Act I. Jean Paurel—You'll have to excuse me now. I have an important engagement.

The opening scene shows a grand opera manager in his private office, harassed by singers and stage managers. Jean Paurel, the famous tenor, who can speak



Photos White

Act I. The rehearsal of the operatic company in the manager's office.

John Bedouin

Act II. The valet forces Jean Paurel to take the medicine.

ten languages and make love in twenty, introduces to his director, Ethel Warren, a young singer with whom he has fallen in love. Her ambition is to sing in "Don Juan" and, thanks to the tenor's influence, the wish is realized. The second act is the great night of the début, and she makes a tremendous success.



Lee Millar

Malcom Fassett      William Ricciardi

Act III. The maestro gives an invitation of Paurel's singing twenty years ago.

Act III. Dr. Stetson—It will be useless for me to come again. I can do nothing for your voice.

But suddenly Giulia Sabittini, a revengeful Italian prima donna, whom Paurel jilted years before, accuses Ethel of being the tenor's mistress. The girl, however, is really in love with Carlo, a young baritone of American birth, but they have quarreled and to silence all scandal Ethel accepts Paurel's offer of marriage. The accusation of Sabittini angers Paurel and raises him to such a pitch of excitement that it is fatal to his voice. His young rival, Carlo, steps into his place and gains the applause which was his. The same young singer also wins Ethel, and Paurel, bitter for a time, finally philosophically accepts the situation and when the curtain falls, is seen making a telephone appointment with another woman.

SCENES IN "THE GREAT LOVER," THE ROMANTIC COMEDY AT THE LONGACRE



When he visited New York I couldn't see him play for I was playing. But I insisted that my wife should come over from Baltimore to see him."

"And well-worth while it was," Mrs. Leo Ditrichstein, of the gentle, regular features, the soft white hair and the intensified womanliness, interjected.

"I admired most of all his manliness." Mr. Ditrichstein's cigarette had gone out and wobbled, forgotten, between his lips. "He showed it when he had passed fifty and everyone was saying: 'He will stop acting now. He must. For he plays romantic characters, and a man cannot look romantic, even on the stage, after fifty.' But he took up Macbeth and other

great characters. After fifty he made a second reputation for himself, a greater than the first. He became after that age the greatest of King Lear."

"But at the time I used to see him he played characters similar to those I am playing, character parts with a romantic spirit and setting. I made a boyish vow to try to act as Sonnenthal acted. I think that wish has been, to some extent, realized. At least I think I am more nearly like Sonnenthal than any of the other actors I saw and admired. I play the same kind of parts."

"His characteristic was delicacy of touch?"

"Yes, yet of strength sufficient to make the picture clear."

## Mrs. Gadderbout Describes A Play

By LEWIS ALLEN

I WENT to the loveliest play last night," exclaimed Mrs. Gadderbout as she dropped in to see her mother.

"Oh, tell us all about it," begged her brother. "Tell you about it? Why she couldn't describe a cake of ice," laughed her father.

"Now, father, you are unjust. Of course, I can tell you all about the play, listen—"

And this is the way Mrs. Gadderbout described the play.

"It was in three acts—or four—no, it was three, I remember now, because Tom and Hattie had to leave at the end of the first act to catch their train, and I stayed. I don't see how people can live in the suburbs, do you?"

"What was the name of the play?" queried her brother.

"The name? Oh, yes, why the name was, let me see, something about gold, I think. 'Yellow Gold,' or was it something about hearts? I think the title was a short one and had some such word as 'Retgression' or 'Alienation' or 'Justice' in it. Anyway, never mind the title, listen to what a splendid play it was:

"In the first act there was a maid fixing some looks in an office, I mean a stenographer or secretary or something. She had the loveliest hair and eyes, just like that little Widow Parson's eyes who used to dance so divinely at the Casino last summer, remember? This maid or secretary was arranging some books when an old man came in. He was the lawyer who owned the office, I think, or perhaps he was a client who had come to talk with the lawyer. I didn't notice that because the Clarkes came just then and I was so interested in Mrs. Clarke's new Persian-cloth wrap. But bye and bye this man began dictating to the stenographer and another man came in and began talking about a divorce.

"He was the handsomest man, curly hair and splendid eyes. The lawyer talked with him about it, and then when the woman got a chance she took a carbon paper out of the typewriter and put it in her bag—"

"What woman?" asked her brother.

"Why—er—some society woman who happened in the office. I didn't notice how she got in, I was so busy talking with Mr. Swiftleigh, who sat behind me with his new wife, and say, she is very charming, such big black eyes, but I bet she'll make Swiftleigh step around lively enough, you know his first wife was a meek little thing. She wore a purple street costume and the loveliest hat—"

"Wore a street costume in the theatre?" exclaimed Mrs. Gadderbout's mother.

"Oh, dear, yes, don't you see she was supposed to have just come in this office some way. And so—"

"Oh, I thought you meant Mrs. Swiftleigh."

"No, no, mother, now listen. I'm talking about the woman in the play. She took this carbon paper and put it in her hand bag. It was one of those new ones. I saw a number there just like it. Mrs. Phelps has one and her monogram on the top in diamonds. I went over and talked with her between the acts and she told me that she starts for Reno next week. I hadn't even heard of it. You know both her sisters were divorced and so I suppose she feels that she ought to be like them. At any rate her husband is impossible, why he wore tan shoes at an afternoon reception just last week she told me. She nearly cried—"

"Who nearly cried, the stenographer?"

"Why, brother, how dense you are! Can't you follow a simple narrative? I was talking about Mrs. Phelps—"

"Oh, beg pardon, sis, thought you were telling about the play."

"Oh, yes, so I was. Well, when the stenographer came back she missed the carbon and told the lawyer. He suspected this woman and rushed out and caught her just as she climbed in her car and brought her back, but she claimed she knew nothing of it and, of course, that settled it, but I saw her take the paper so knew there would be some mystery.

The next act was in a garden, or a dining-room, I don't remember which. Anyway, it was very pretty with all the fountains and pictures and trees and rugs, or whichever way it was arranged. And who do you suppose came in as one of the guests? Why that stenographer woman in the lawyer's office. I knew at once she was a detective. This woman was there, too, and met her husband and they had a bitter quarrel—my, I almost cried, it reminded me so much of poor dear Gadderbout and I, when he was alive. And after that the man left and the woman began to search for something, and the other woman was upstairs dressing and she came down in the loveliest traveling gown you ever saw, it was of old gold and wistaria lace, and I'm going to have one just like it. I made an exact copy of it on my program right there. I saw someone looking at me and grinning because I bet they thought I was a dressmaker copying styles. I took my drawing over to Madame Snip and she's going to get the material and make me a dress just like it. And so, I do wish you'd run out with me and help me pick out a little hat, mother, you have so much better taste in hats than I ever had—"

"Oh, I got it now," said her brother, "this was a dressmaker's plot."

"What dressmaker? No it was a traveling dress I said, old gold and wistaria lace and—"

"When I went on the stage, because of a determination that grew out of my appearance in 'The Robbers' at seventeen, my emotions were, as I thought, uncontrollable. It was the operatic stage, and I sang a small part in an opera with the great Sarri. I stood in the wings waiting for my cue. I was so overcome by the singing of the great one that I couldn't sing nor speak. I stood there, the tears rolling down my cheeks. He understood. With a smile he took up my bars and sang them, then crushed me in his arms. But the discomfiture I might have caused him by my failure, taught me to rehearse until I had my emotion under control. When a man's emotions overcome him the audience forgets the character and thinks of the man."



"Then you left the theatre right there—"

"Pardon me, brother mine, I was telling you about the play wasn't I?"

"Were you?"

Now, don't be sarcastic. Well, anyway, when the officer came and arrested the woman she just showed him a badge or something—"

"What officer? Why? Which woman?"

"Oh, how do I know? When I got that dress copied there was a policeman on the stage arresting this girl who had been searching. You see they thought she was a robber, but probably she was hunting for this paper. At any rate at the end of that act I met Nellie, you know her, she used to be Nellie Parsons, she married a doctor only this summer. She says they are living up on the drive and have the loveliest apartment. She had so much to tell me about herself and her married life that I just made a man who tried to get his seat next to her take my seat and I stayed there and talked with her. You ought to see the diamond bracelet the doctor gave her on her birthday—twenty-two diamonds. Now she's mad because she didn't tell him the truth and get twenty-eight, but I told her to cheer up, six years off her life was worth more than six diamonds. She's just had some new rugs, all Oriental, and—"

"The play, the play!" demanded brother.

"Play? Oh, yes, to be sure. Well in this act an officer came in and arrested the girl but she showed her badge—"

"What? Arrested the girl again in the third act?" demanded her brother.

"No, no, silly, this was in the second act. The woman had come down in the gold and wistaria traveling dress and caught the girl and sent for an officer—"

"Come, come, you were watching the third act and talking with a bride—"

"Oh, yes, to be sure. Well, anyway, this third act was really very attractive. It was a sort of breakfast room. I'm going to have mine done over just like it. A sort of corn yellow for the woodwork, with the brightest, most cheerful grass paper, and the dining set, the furniture, you know, was

(Continued on page 42)



# In the Spotlight

*Players Who Have Scored  
Individually In Recent  
New York Productions*



White  
GEORGIE O'RAMEY  
In "Around the Map"

SCARCELY had Discontented Lulu slouched upon the stage in "Around the Map" before the audience realized that it was seeing a distinctly new type admirably created. Georgie O'Ramey is blessed with the quality which Nature has granted grudgingly to women, a sense of humor. She asserts that there is fun in everything, and confesses that she once laughed at a comedy scene in a funeral. Here is one woman who has attained her ambition. She has no wish to be one of the much-written-of stars overnight. Her normal ambitions have not even centered upon the concession of "being featured." Miss O'Ramey arrived in life, and eventually upon the stage, by way of Shelby, Ohio. She was a student of Oberlin College. It was her purpose to become a violin virtuoso. She made several appearances as a concert violinist. Gradually forsaking Melpomene for Thespis, she made her debut at the Temple, a vaudeville theatre in Detroit, in a musical offering that had first been attempted at an Elks' benefit. Thirty-two consecutive weeks in vaudeville, as opposed to the intermittence of concerts, appealed to her. Miss O'Ramey decided definitely and finally for the stage. A musical comedy of the puzzling title, "Spangles or the Wooden Horse," gave her opportunity in the rôle of Billie Smithers. The next season she played at Fisher's Theatre, a stock house in San Francisco, with Kolb and Dill, Barney Bernard, Mabel Amber, and others. She joined "The Tourist," of which Richard Golden was star. New York success came to her in the rôle of Kit McNair in "Seven Days," and more recently in "Around the Map."



LOWELL SHERMAN  
In "The Eternal Magdalene"

EVERY person connected even remotely with journalism was gratified, and the rest of the public was instructed, by the performance Lowell Sherman gave of a newspaper man in the drama "The Eternal Magdalene." His grandmother, Kate Gray, was of that cradle of the best traditions of American dramatic art, the Boston Museum. She left it to go with Junius Brutus Booth to the Baldwin Theatre in San Francisco. Subsequently she became leading woman for his son, Edwin. His father is John Sherman. Lowell Sherman's first appearance was at fourteen in a part characterized by concentration of thought but absence of any vocalized effort. He was sixteen when he spoke his first line in a play with John Jack. He received his Eastern training in the management of David Belasco, Henry Miller, Klaw & Erlanger, Henry B. Harris and Selwyn & Co. He served a valuable apprenticeship in stock companies in Harlem and Baltimore. He was juvenile lead with Nance O'Neill, and for two years leading man for Elsie Ferguson.



White  
JOHN CUMBERLAND  
In "Fair and Warmer"

THAT man is not acting. He's living." Thus in trite terms a distinguished fellow in the art of acting summarized John Cumberland's performance of the rôle of Billy Bartlett in "Fair and Warmer." At least half of the success of that titillating farce is due to Mr. Cumberland's rendition of the straightforward man of simple tastes, whose ingenuousness bored his more sophisticated wife. Mr. Cumberland's dramatic intelligence prompted him to play the farcical rôle as farce at its best is always played, in a spirit of absolute seriousness. Departing from seriousness, the essence of farce is lost. To his triumphant performance of Billy Bartlett, Mr. Cumberland ascended by successive steps of stock training and excellently played bits. Worcester, Mass., proudly claims to have discovered him, and supports that claim by his seven summers of stock in that city. He was featured at the head of the Worcester Summer Stock Company. Broadway has viewed his efforts in "Girls," "The Commuters," "A Man's World," "Snobs," "A Rich Man's Son," and the property man in "The Yellow Jacket."



© Dupont  
VIRGINIA FOX BROOKS  
In "The Great Lover"

WHEN Virginia Fox Brooks played without the hesitation of the novice the exacting rôle of the young prima donna in "The Great Lover" at the Longacre Theatre, the cognoscenti murmured, "Didn't I tell you so?" For she is the daughter of the veteran manager, Joseph Brooks, and the fluid of incarnadine shade has telling force. It was scarcely more than a year before that Miss Brooks had walked upon the professional stage for the first time. It was at Pointers, in France. She sang Iphigenia in "Iphigenia in Tauris." Previously she had studied music for four years with Jacques Isnardon. Some concert appearances were made with Mme. Yvette Guilbert at Beckstein Hall, in London. Subsequently she made a concert tour of England, France and Austria, with the French diseuse. The gates of success flung wide to her when she was engaged to sing at the Opéra Comique in Paris, an honor enjoyed by but few Americans. But the gates closed with a slam when Europe plunged into war. Brief American appearances were at a benefit given by the Secours National Fund, the Actors' Fund benefit at the Century, at which she sang two selections from the opera "Miska," a special performance of "Ghosts" at the Longacre Theatre, and the rôle of Dorothy Fenton in the revival of "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." She was also seen in a small part in the all-star revival of "Trilby." Opera she has deserted for the drama. At least she thinks she has. She wants to appear in dramas with songs. There is an opportunity for an ambitious dramatist. For it must be remembered, papa is fond and proud and a manager!



PHOEBE FOSTER  
In "Back Home."

PHOEBE FOSTER, who is pretty and nineteen, with school not far away, surprised everyone except her astute managers by her strong emotional work in "Back Home." With but two years of stage experience, nothing more than a pleasing ingénue type was expected from the recent stage debutante, but on the witness stand, when forced by conscience and circumstances to give testimony which might cause her lover's death upon the gallows, she played with overwhelming feeling. Miss Foster is a New York product. Her home is on Riverside Drive. She attended a smart New York school, leaving it to take a course in dramatic training at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She went to school further in a stock company at Pittsfield, Mass. Her start successward begins as that of several other ambitious young women began, and she tells it in the same way. "I saw Mr. Klauber in the Selwyn offices. He had me read a part to him. He gave me a chance." Mr. Adolph Klauber's experience as the former critic of the Times aided him in discovering talent in the raw. Miss Foster's first part after her stock training was as the girl who committed the theft in "Under Cover." The same manager transferred her to "Under Fire" for its New York opening. The part was slight, but she was retained in it awaiting another opportunity.



CATHERINE PROCTOR  
In "Depths of Purity"

IN the drama, "Depths of Purity," at the Bramhall Playhouse, a young woman made a deep impression by the sincerity of her portrayal. Catherine Proctor, the young Canadian actress, played the rôle of an Italian bride who murdered a relative who obstructed her past into her honeymoon. There was every chance to rant, but she did not rant. There was every opportunity to tear grief to tatters, yet she wept but little and moaned not at all. Miss Proctor's career is short and full, yet dotted with intelligent achievements. Her dark eyes and svelt figure gave her a sufficiently Spanish aspect to enlist for her a part with Maude Adams in "The Pretty Sister of Jose." She continued with Miss Adams' organization in "Peter Pan." She was next seen as Hermia in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and rose to leading woman rôles and honors as Emma Brooks in one of the companies of "Paid in Full." Paul Armstrong chose her for the leading woman of his production "Society and the Bull Dog." Her tutelage with David Belasco began as Merk, the Secretary, in "The Concert." She succeeded Frances Starr in the rôle of "The Governor's Lady." Latterly she joined the exodus into "pictures," leaving that profitable branch of the acting art to create the rôle in "Depths of Purity."





Mishkin

## Is the Stage a Perilous Place for the Young Girl?

*A well-known actress once said that if she had a younger sister the stage was the last place in the world she would allow her to be. Other players contend that conditions behind the footlights are no worse than in other careers for women. Two well-known actresses discuss this interesting question from different points of view.*



© Moffett

By Edith Wynne Matthison

By Lillian Russell

THE stage is a place of danger for light-minded girls. I am sorry to see them adopt it—for the stage's sake.

A girl came to me recently and asked me what I thought of her going on the stage. I answered: "But you should ask your parents that question." "They don't want me to," she rejoined, "for they think no one can get on in the theatre without the sacrifice of the best that is in her. Do you think so?"

"A good girl's principles are her safeguard anywhere," I answered. I told her what I always think when that statement is made. "There is always the alternative. You can leave the stage."

The girl who goes upon the stage should be fortified by moral stamina. So should she in any occupation or profession she may adopt for her livelihood earning.

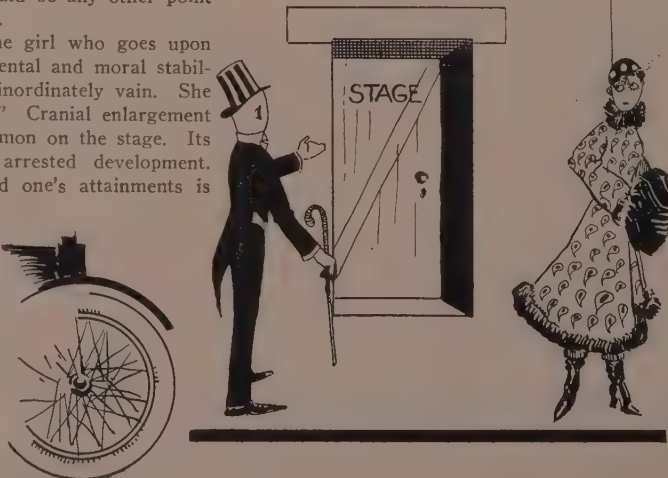
I do not believe the peril of the stage lies in the companionship of actors. They have enough of the knightly spirit that is in most men to protect the girl who wishes to do right. Not as a menace to her happiness do I see her actor companions. Instead there may grow up between them a fine comradeship in work, an intellectual interchange that will be of immense value to them both. Rather the menace in the actor's influence is in his lack of well-applied energy. I genuinely believe that the stage is a place of greater danger to young men than to young women. This is a surprising statement, you think? I defend it by saying that the actor is liable to fritter away his time. He plays a few hours a day and for the remainder of the time he "rests." He doesn't need so much rest. He needs work and study and if he doesn't have them there will be a rapid disintegration of character. There was never a truer adage than that concerning idleness and the location of the devil's workshop.

But girls can find and do find more to do. They nearly all sew. It is great economy of time and of purse for them to do so. Cloth is cheap and if they can fashion it into blouses and lingerie and into simple gowns, they are thereby the gainers. Girls are rather more industrious than men. I have noticed that the girls in a company employ their time well. They read and study. I have never known but one young actor—no, two—who studied. The player should be a constant student. He needs to know music and painting and sculpture and languages and literature! It requires a lifetime to learn all that he should know of the collateral arts. Acquiring the studious habit is a safeguard. My fear of the actor, then, is merely that his example of laziness may be followed by the new girl in the company.

The peril of propinquity is one most feared by the looker on concerned for the welfare of a girl on the stage. Poor propinquity! It has been blamed for so many unhappy events. Marriage, for example, of two persons whom, to use the expressive phrase, "circumstances threw together." That is to be considered, of course, but I have already pointed out that a fine-working comradeship may grow out of it. I have known many such. If a girl happens to be in love when she goes upon the stage the propinquity of other attractive young men will not influence her, unless she is light minded. I, for example, was in love when I went on the stage, and six months later married my husband. For the girl who is not of stable mind and principles the stage, I admit, is a menace, as would be any other point of exposure to world contact.

The greatest menace to the girl who goes upon the stage, if she have not mental and moral stability, is that she will become inordinately vain. She will acquire a "swelled head." Cranial enlargement is a deadly disease very common on the stage. Its worst result is completely arrested development. Satisfaction with oneself and one's attainments is the end of all progress.

If a girl be mentally lightweight, she would better shun the stage. Careful and constant home surveillance should be her portion. The stage is not so dangerous to many persons who adopt it as they are to themselves, and as they are to the stage.



I MIGHT think the stage a place of great peril for girls, for we are inclined to exaggerate whatever is nearest to us, had I not received the confidences of girls in other occupations, who wanted to go upon the stage. Everything is relative.

They have come to me and said: "I want to go on the stage. You need not talk to me about its temptations because I could not have more than I meet in my present work." I have questioned them and have heard the full story of the allurements offered them. Girls from the shops have asked me to place them on the stage. They have explained the temptations to which they are subjected in their own walk of life.

It has been argued that it is an offense to a woman to be gazed at by strangers from the audience. I have heard that sensitiveness to this caused Mary Anderson to leave the stage. In this there is some truth provided the audiences are made up of persons of meretricious thoughts and lives. But this I doubt. It has been my unchanging belief that human nature is better than it is bad. However, any man can go into a department store and speak to any girl he wishes. He has only to pretend to wish to make a purchase. While a man who attempted to speak to an actress without an introduction does so at the hazard of being beaten by the stage doorkeeper, assisted by a muscular "props," or of being arrested. In this way a certain wall of protection is thrown around an actress. I know of no situation which will require her to speak to a man who is a stranger to her.

So why the stigma of exceptional temptation cast upon the stage? It is the general opinion that actors are men of great charm. Some of them are. But it is the rule that the actress does not admire—often she does not respect—the man of her own profession. It is another general impression that the love scenes played on the stage are an index of what happens between the players off the stage. That is by no means true. Under the spell of the acting, in a love scene, the pair, while playing, may actually feel the scene, but when the curtain drops with a thump and they have gone to their dressing rooms the spell vanishes with the slam of the dressing room door.

The public thinks that what may be termed the "huddled living," the close quarters of players behind the scenes, makes for peril to the actress. Again in this, as in all errors, there is a semblance of truth, but over against this is the truth that there is "safety in numbers."

In companies with which I have been associated there has always been a good percentage of good girls, even in the chorus so despised by the public, but from which many stars have arisen. In every instance of the star rising from the chorus there has been earnest, honest work by one so fortunate as to rise.

At Weber and Fields were many such girls. I remember two charming little girls who came from a Brooklyn home. They used to talk to me about their mother and home. The men in the company esteemed these little girls. I have often seen this actor, or that, lifting their hats as respectfully as to a duchess.

I travelled as a chorus girl in Mr. E. E. Rice's "Pinafore" company and was royally proud of my salary, because it was the first money I had ever earned. And how I worked. There was not a day that season that I was not hard at work acquiring voice technique and stage deportment.

There are no more temptations on the stage than in any other vocation. If a girl is pretty she will be tempted. If a man has a fancy for a girl it matters not whether she is on the stage or in a convent, he will win her if he can. If a girl is unusually pretty she will have an unusual number of temptations, no matter where she is. If she is as good and wise as she is pretty the temptations will do her no harm.

The stage has a bad name because a few, not too careful of their reputations, are constantly having their domestic affairs discussed in public.

The society girl meets more dangers than the girl on the stage. There is more danger at a tango tea than in the theatre. The actor is less dangerous than the dancing master.



# In the World of Make-Believe



Photo Mishkin

**ELSIE MACKAY**

Leading woman with Cyril Maude in his popular success, "Grumpy," on tour



Photo Sarony

**MARGUERITE NAMARA**

Playing Dolly Cloverdale in the Franz Lehar operetta, "Alone at Last," at the Shubert Theatre



Photo Harbison

**VIVIAN REED**

A favorite film star now with the Selig Company



(Left)

Photo Sarony

**MARJORIE RAMBEAU**

Appearing as Sadie Love in Avery Hopwood's farce of that name at the Gaiety

(Right)

Photo Genthe

**MARIE McNALLY**

Seen at the Bandbox in Rose Pastor Stokes' playlet, "In April"



Underwood & Underwood  
**ANNA Q. NILSSON**

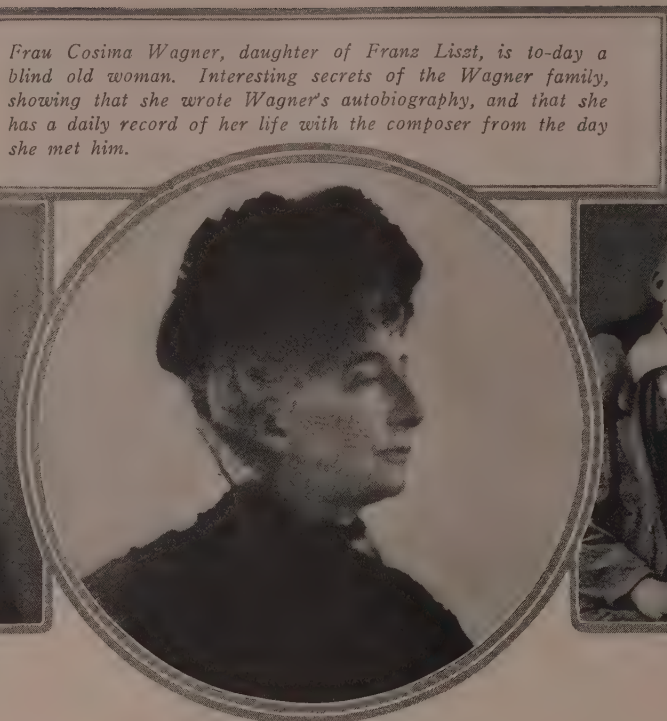
In screen plays with the Fox Film Corporation  
(Left)



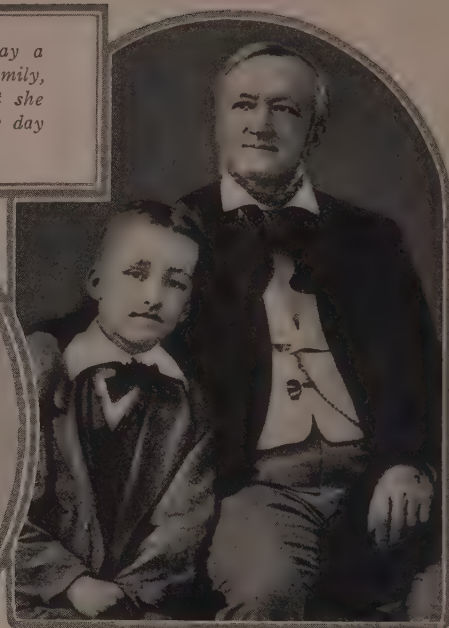




SIEGFRIED WAGNER



COSIMA WAGNER



WAGNER AND SIEGFRIED

*Frau Cosima Wagner, daughter of Franz Liszt, is to-day a blind old woman. Interesting secrets of the Wagner family, showing that she wrote Wagner's autobiography, and that she has a daily record of her life with the composer from the day she met him.*

## RICHARD WAGNER The Woman Who Influenced Wagner

By ARCHIE BELL

said that while he had seen erected the beautiful theatre

at Bayreuth in which performances of his music dramas were given, it was a structure of wood. "My son will build one of white marble," exclaimed the ambitious father, as he saw his son, Siegfried Wagner, playing with blocks on the floor.

Cosima Wagner, widow of Richard, remarked that Siegfried conducted the orchestra in a constructive manner, as an architect builds a stately edifice, whereupon a Berlin wag remarked that "as a musician, Siegfried Wagner is a splendid carpenter."

This latter is a fairly typical contemporary estimate of the son of Richard and Cosima Wagner. Fortified with the thought "they did not understand my father until it was too late," the son seems to pay little attention to contemporary criticism, which, as a French writer remarked, "is merely conversation." It seemed likely when he was a boy and youth that he would become an architect, excepting for his dislike of all mathematical studies. But the daughter of Franz Liszt and the widow of Richard Wagner, his mother, wanted her son to be a composer. So Humperdinck, composer of "Haensel and Gretel" and "Koenigskinder," became his teacher. And the theatre at Bayreuth is built of wood instead of white marble. Siegfried is a musician, and not an architect. One after another opera scores a failure, although produced under most flattering and favorable auspices at a State theatre in Germany. One no sooner meets with the condemnation of the critics than the diligent composer announces that he has another, or two or three more, ready for production. Such industry with such discouraging results has been rare in the history of music.

Siegfried Wagner has been master of the Festspielhaus at Bayreuth since his mother became too old and feeble to participate in its management. Her celebrated husband left his great monument to art and haunting debts. Cosima turned Bayreuth into a veritable gold mine and placed the reins in the hand of her son. He bears the name of his father and the hero-worshippers of the nations gather around him and flatter him in a manner unknown to any popular hero in America. The greatest

singers in the world gather at Wahnfried, the Wagner villa, and devote the evening to his songs, with perhaps a selection or two from his grandfather or father. Court theatres immediately place his works in rehearsal when they are ready for production. They are given a few performances and are forgotten.

"The more I sing Siegfried's music, the more I am led to believe that he is writing for the future, and that we do not understand him at all," said a famous diva from Vienna, when I asked her to express an opinion of a composition she had just sung at a big Wahnfried reception.

I repeated this opinion to a Berlin diva and asked her to express herself. She said: "The more I sing Siegfried's music, the more I am led to believe that instead of being the music of the future, it is all music of the past. It has all been done before and much better done by others."

Thus the controversy. They flatter and praise him when they are with him, and a few loyal ones argue in favor of his music when he is not present. It seems a survival of the old

Wagnerian controversy, for the world is familiar with Bayreuth declarations of artistic faith, as opposed to the opinion of the conservatives. There is no doubt that the municipality of Bayreuth makes almost official recognition of Siegfried's talents. One Wagner made the beautiful village the musical Mecca of the world; the obvious advantage of having a living Wagner is not overlooked. Siegfried's portraits are hung in the windows of the shops as frequently as those of his father and grandfather. Liszt's body lies in a vault on the outskirts of the village. Richard's body reposes beneath the slab of granite and bed of ivy in the garden at Wahnfried. The world respects the dead; but it likes to see the living who bear celebrated names. No opportunity is overlooked at Bayreuth. Siegfried is their present hero and their future hope. In fact, the sun of world publicity has been beating fiercely upon his head since he was born. Coupled with this is the man's boundless capacity for work and his consuming ambition to merit the enrolling of his name beside those of his father and grandfather.

I heard several recitals of Siegfried's music at Wahnfried, sung by several of the most celebrated singers in the world. I saw him at rehearsals, where he is a master, and I saw him conducting the big orchestra in a performance of "The Flying Dutchman." There was a question I wanted to ask him. Like his father, he is an eccentric dresser, and he looks so much like his father that the resemblance is startling. That day he was at a restaurant table near the Festspielhaus. His coat was of robin's egg blue, his knickerbockers green and his shoes yellow. I recalled those elaborate costumes of Persian brocade worn by his father.

"Is it not an almost unsurmountable handicap to be the son of a world celebrity?" I asked him.

"On the contrary, I feel that I owe much to the opportunity that the fame of my father and grandfather has given me. I have enjoyed an entrée, at least an opportunity to be heard, by reason of my name that I might not have enjoyed otherwise. What more can a creative artist ask than the chance to be heard? After that it is entirely a question of the merits of his product. Frankly, I do not consider that I have suffered any handicap, but rather that I am fortunate."

(Continued on page 40)



BUST OF RICHARD WAGNER IN THE MUSEUM AT BAYREUTH



## Scenes in "The Unchastened Woman" at the 39th Street Theatre



Emily Stevens and Hassard Short  
Act I. Mrs. Knolys promises to help the young architect.

**C**AROLINE KNOLYS is comfortably married to an indulgent, but indifferent husband. A heartless, selfish, but fascinating woman, she is chaste in body but thoroughly unchastened in soul. Her egotism nearly ruins Lawrence Sanbury, a struggling architect, who lives in the settlements with his young



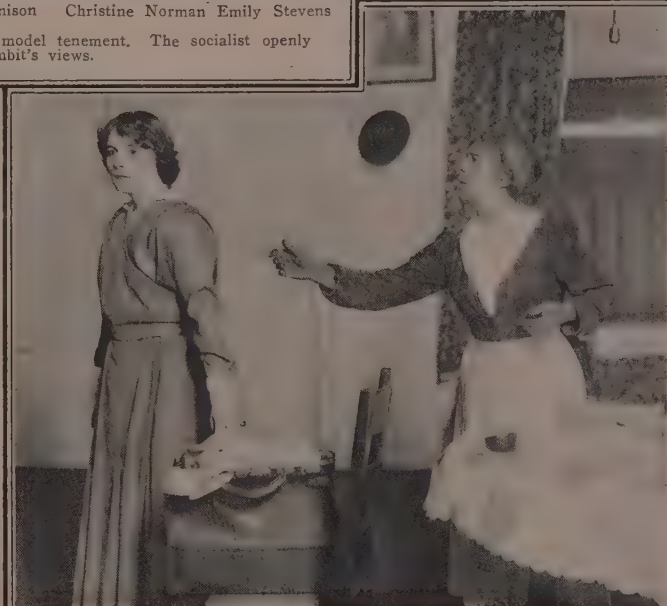
Hassard Short Isabel Richards Louis Bennison Christine Norman Emily Stevens  
Act II. The luncheon in Mrs. Sanbury's model tenement. The socialist openly ridicules Miss Ambit's views.



Act II. The architect succumbs to Mrs. Knolys' attractions.  
wife, who does all she can for the uplift of the poor. A young newspaperwoman, engaged as private secretary, has an affair with Mr. Knolys. Some time later she becomes engaged to Michael Krellin, a socialist. At a luncheon given in the Sanbury model tenement, Mrs. Knolys reveals to Krellin incriminating facts regarding his sweetheart's past, and also convinces Mrs.



Act II. Mrs. Knolys tries to prove to Mrs. Sanbury that her husband is unfaithful.  
Sanbury of her husband's infidelity. She is forced, however, to retract these statements later. Through Mrs. Knolys' influence Sanbury obtains work in the Knolys household, and she, in her egotism, sets out to fascinate him. But he does not really succumb to her wiles and finally returns repentant to his wife.



Jennie Lamont  
Act II. Convinced of her husband's infidelity, Mrs. Sanbury decides to leave him.



Photos White

Act III. Mrs. Knolys signs a statement retracting her words concerning the socialist's fiancée.



H. Reeves-Smith

Act III. The architect pleads for his wife's forgiveness.





FRED FISCHER

Composer of the songs, "Peg O' My Heart" and "I'm on the Way to Mandalay." Born in Germany, he came to America and peddled cheap jewelry, afterwards joining a circus as cornet player. One of his first efforts, "If the Man in the Moon Were a Coon," started him on his successful career as a song writer.



IRVING BERLIN

Wrote "Everybody's Doing It," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and the musical comedy, "Watch Your Step." Perhaps the best known of all the popular song writers. Only a few years ago was a ragtime singer in a Chinatown cabaret. Said to have made a quarter of a million in the last four years.



White HARRY VON TILZER

Well known as the composer of "Down Where the Anheuser Flows," "Good-bye, Boys," "I Hear You Calling, Tennessee," and other popular melodies. Frequently writes both the words and music of his songs. Now heads an important music publishing house bearing his name and which publishes his songs almost exclusively.



Unity JAMES V. MONACO

A clever young syncopator who came from a Chicago cabaret to make fame and fortune on Melody Lane. "Dancing Around" and "Oh, My Love" are two of Mr. Monaco's songs that may be described in professional parlance as "riots." His "The Pigeon Walk" did for the fox-trot, what "Everybody's Doing It" did for the turkey-trot. His career shows ample evidence that Broadway stands always willing to reward hard work and talent.



WILLIAM JEROME AND JEAN SCHWARTZ

A famous Irish-Jewish song-writing team who first won favor with "Bedelia," and "Mr. Dooley," and are continually adding to their reputation and income with such syncopated festivals as "Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat," "I Love the Ladies," and "Rum-Tum-Tiddle." Both rose from obscure variety halls and acquired reputation and wealth, thanks to their ability to "give the public what it wants." Mr. Jerome writes the lyrics and Mr. Schwartz the melodies.



Bangs A. SEYMOUR BROWN

Made famous such winners as "You're a Great Big, Blue-Eyed Baby," and "You're a Beautiful Doll." Usually writes both his melodies and his lyrics. Besides his contract with Remick, which calls for twelve songs a year, he manages six musical shows and plays in vaudeville himself. In his spare moments Mr. Brown writes plays for the legitimate stage. He is perhaps the most industrious of the big song-writers.



White AL PIANTADOSI

Ex-cabaret singer who rose from the lowest part of the lower East Side in New York to the pinnacle of Broadway's melody world. Every turning in the road was full of rocks, but after peddling "My Mariuccia Taha da Steamboat" for two years, and finally selling it, he found himself firmly established as a popular writer.



White ALFRED BRYAN

Born with an innate dislike for work, took to writing popular song lyrics and became a master of the art overnight. His song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," which he wrote in ten minutes, has sold far into the million, and he has the reputation of never having been connected with a failure.



HARRY CARROLL

The youngest successful song-writer in the world. At the age of eighteen Mr. Carroll hit the turkey-trot world in the right spot with "On the Mississippi." Since that time he has done "On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and a score of others. Now engaged in turning out melody gems for the New York Winter Garden.

## MASTERS OF SYNCOPATION—TEN POPULAR SONG WRITERS



JUST what this country would do without ragtime is one of those grave national problems that no one attempts to solve off hand. Since its introduction, shortly before the Spanish-American War, it has become so characteristic a part of American life that to-day it is as typical of us as baseball, the Great White Way, or Thomas A. Edison. During the war the Spaniards thought "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" was our national anthem, because that song came from the American trenches more often than any other.

The popular song industry in the United States absorbs ten million dollars a year, not only from the pockets of Uncle Sam, but from every corner of the earth. The entire world looks to this country for its ragtime jingles, and, for some reason or other, it is only the made-in-America tune which ever acquires international popularity. A notable exception is "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," but it needed a world war to make this song famous. When first heard in London music halls it failed utterly.

The big song hits of to-day are written by a group of about a dozen men. They are men who had a bitter struggle to get into the profession they now lead. In many instances they starved while offering to indifferent music publishers the manuscripts of songs that have since brought them fortunes. Some were cheap concert hall singers, some were sailors, some were tramps—all were unrecognized. To-day, wherever they go, they see shoulders shrugging to the hypnotizing lilt of a song which bears their name, and they have incomes ranging between twenty and forty thousand dollars a year. Irving Berlin is said to have made a quarter of a million in the last four years.

The name Fred Fischer means little to anyone out of the song business, but if "Peg O' My Heart" or "I'm on the Way to Mandalay" are mentioned, it will be seen that there are very few people who are not familiar with his famous melodies. Those are but two of the songs which have made Mr. Fischer one of America's most successful song writers. Born in Germany about thirty-six years ago, Mr. Fischer began his career by serving in the German navy. Later he made his way to America and became a peddler of cheap jewelry. Failing in this, he joined a small circus as cornet player, and it was while filling this position that he taught himself the piano. His natural talent for improvisation soon asserted itself, and after one or two minor efforts he wrote "If the Man in the Moon Were a Coon," which, after much pressure, he sold to a small publishing house for a few dollars. That started his career as a songwriter.

"You might think," said Mr. Fischer, "that with successes to my name I would find it easy to dispose of my songs. Not a bit of it. It's the hardest thing in the world to sell a song. Even now, with nearly a hundred big hits to my name, I sometimes doubt if I'm really inside the game. Only recently I did a song called 'Any Little Girl That's a Nice Little Girl.' None of the publishing houses would touch it. Then I started it going myself, and, without the aid of the customary paid vaudeville singers, I made that song a hit. Shortly after that I wrote 'When I Get You Alone To-night,' and it was quickly grabbed by a publisher. I think that's the only instance of my having sold a song on the reputation of a previous one.

# The Ragtime Kings

By ORSON MERIDEN

"I don't consider myself a ragtime writer in the strictest sense of the word. I'm sincere when I say that I instill the classical into what I write. It may interest you to know that the 'Man in the Moon' song is full of Wagnerian chords, and that the 'Any Little Girl' melody was based on an aria in 'Faust.' But it's a fact."

Frequently associated with Mr. Fischer is Alfred Bryan, called by many critics the cleverest lyric writer of popular songs in the country. Mr. Bryan, who never writes more than half a dozen lyrics a year, has the reputation of never having been connected with a failure. That is, he has never had his name on a song which hasn't sold at least 500,000 copies, for that is the turning point at which a song begins to be a success. And many of his songs, such as "Who Paid the Rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle" and "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," have sold far into the million.

"I hate work," insisted Mr. Bryan, "and I always have hated it. I have always liked to take things easy, and I guess that back in the old days, when I wasn't paying a big income tax, people used to say hard things about me. I never held a job down very long when I did get one, and I didn't get one very often. It wasn't so much that I was an idler, but rather that I had a keen sense of being my own boss, and that sense used to get in the way of my progress. Perhaps it's a good thing that it did—perhaps if it hadn't I'd be a shoe salesman now making \$2,500 a year instead of \$25,000.

"How did I start song writing? It was just chance. I used to hang around Kid McCoy's old place on the Bowery. There came in there quite often a chap who looked pretty prosperous, and one day he said he was a song-writer. I told him that I used to write verses when I was a kid. 'Try writing a song lyric,' he suggested jokingly, 'and if you do a good one I'll buy it from you.' That started my career. I went off to the little hall bed-room in which I lived, and that same night wrote a song which I called 'Mama, Please Buy Me a Baby.' The next time I saw my friend I showed him what I had written. He exclaimed, 'Holy Gee!' and then taking out a five dollar bill he said, 'I'll give you this for it.' I almost tore the money taking it out of his hand—it certainly looked big to me. Later, when I was a little wiser, I understood the reason for that 'Holy Gee!' That chap made at least \$10,000 out of the song!"

A song-writer who writes both his melodies and his lyrics is Seymour Brown, made famous by "You're a Great Big, Blue-Eyed Baby" and "You're a Beautiful Doll." Mr. Brown is probably one of the busiest men in New York. Besides his contract with Remick, which calls for twelve songs a year, he has six different musical companies in vaudeville playing his own compositions, and, besides directing these, he appears in vaudeville himself.

"I owe a lot to vaudeville," said Mr. Brown. The vaudeville audiences are the people who buy songs, and a personal acquaintance with them over the footlights gives me a great deal of help in judging what they want. It's interesting to follow the public's whims. There's a fashion in popular songs just as there is in clothes. One year they want sentimental songs—next year, possibly, they want eccentric songs, like 'Casey

Jones'—this year dance music seems to be the rage.

"I drifted into the theatrical business when very young, and from that just naturally took to writing my own songs. When I first played the music halls they were mighty different places to what they are now. They weren't mentioned in polite society, and when people of a better class did go to a vaudeville show they did so in what they called a slumming party. Times have changed. Calvé is over at the Palace this week, Mrs. Leslie Carter is at the Colonial, and Nazimova is doing the two-a-day at the Orpheum in Brooklyn. That was bound to have its refining effect on the popular song—every day now they seem to be getting less crude.

Harry von Tilzer is another writer who often does both words and music. Since the days when he wrote "Down Where the Anheuser Flows" and "On Sunday Afternoon," on through "All Alone" and "Good-bye, Boys," to his more recent "I Hear You Calling, Tennessee," he has written hundreds of songs. His mind and his pencil work together so fast and so successfully that he was able to establish a publishing house of his own, which is to-day one of the most prominent in the business, and devoted almost exclusively to the production of Mr. von Tilzer's work.

"Making a song popular is a tough proposition," said Mr. von Tilzer. "It costs us a fortune for the copies issued gratis to the profession. This method is, of course, the only means we have to advertise our wares. Not only do we give them all the copies they want, but we also maintain a corps of instructors and a big suite of studios, where professional singers can come and be taught how to sing our songs. This enormous expense is incurred to prevent the songs being made failures by poor presentation to the public. There was a time, not very long ago, when we had to pay vaudeville artists to sing our own songs. It may seem ludicrous to pay people to take what they must have, but it was done for a long time, until the publishers banded together and agreed to stop it.

"When I first started in the song business, shortly after running away from home and going on the stage, there were very few men in it. That was twenty-five years ago, and if a song became popular then it stayed popular for a much longer time than it does now. I really think that is why songs like 'Old Kentucky Home' are classics. When they first appeared, only four or five songs were written a year. Those were eagerly grabbed up by the public and lingered in popularity from one generation to another largely because there was little else to sing. So certain particularly good songs became affectionately ensconced in American hearts. There are songs being written to-day that are superior to 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground,' but hundreds of other songs are continually coming in to cut short their career before they are firmly established as favorites."

Irving Berlin, perhaps the best-known of all the popular song-writers, only a few years ago was a ragtime singer in a Chinatown cabaret. To-day he's classed among the millionaires, is composer of "Watch Your Step," one of the biggest musical comedy hits that New York has had in years, and stands largely responsible for the modern dance craze, owing to the fact that when the Turkey Trot appeared he wrote "Everybody's Doing It," which simply made





everybody do it. Such the song writer's power!

"It's not a matter of inspiration with me at all," modestly asserted Mr. Berlin. "Only great musicians have inspirations. Heaven knows, I'm hardly a musician, let alone a great one. I can only play the piano in one key—and pretty poorly in that. Generally I decide in a very prosaic way that I'm going to write something, and then I sit down and do it. Of course, very often ideas occur to me when I'm not hunting for them—but, then, I shouldn't say that, for I'm always hunting for them. I'm something like the writer who said to me the other day that he had to sleep in the daytime, because he laid awake and thought up songs all night! Sometimes from nowhere at all there comes the subtle suggestion

of a melody that seems a little different from anything I've ever done before. The 'International Rag' came to me in just such fashion when I was in London.

"But, usually, writing songs is a matter of having bills to pay and sitting down to make the money to pay them with. It's generally a fearful wrestle, but, then again sometimes Fate is kind and helps me along marvelously. My biggest success 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' came as the result of having to compose something, and I did the greater part of that in about half an hour.

"American music is different from any other kind of music. It is the genuine product of the ideas of this nation and represents us as typically

as the strange melodies of China and Hawaii represent those countries. Syncopation is in the soul of every true American, and ragtime is a necessary element of American life. Pure unadulterated ragtime is the best heart-raiser and worry-banisher that I know—and I've seen, from experience, that it's better than medicine as a cure. Personally, I believe that the great American opera of the future will be deliberately based, not on European standards as now, but on typically American standards. A grand opera in syncopation may sound like a joke now—but some day it's going to be a fact—even if I have to write one!"

When Berlin was cabaret singing on the East Side there was  
(Continued on page 42)

## "Chez Fysher" in New York

NEXT year, perhaps, the Arc de Triomphe will come to Broadway.

All the movable monuments are following each other one after another from sad and serious Paris to bright and gay New York. Fysher, *diseur*, monologist, pi-

ano fiend—whatever designation you care to give him—is one of the latest arrivals. They have built for him a two-story building in the Forties, near Sixth Avenue, and furnished it in the usual style of all such Bohemian resorts—with mirrors, little tables and comfortable benches upholstered in red velvet.

You can't expect atmosphere in the Forties near Sixth Avenue—theatre district as it has come to be. The sordid trail of the cheap boarding house is over everything, and it is only by night when much that is unseemly fades into a kind of Taubelike obscurity that you can pump up a little gayety and pretend that you are being "devilish." Fysher's is the place of the moment for the display of these engaging qualities.

"Chez Fysher" in Paris is one of the smallest and briskest of the night places. It is, or was, very tiny, and while the New York establishment isn't large it must seem palatial to Fysher by comparison. Situated on the rue de la chaussée d'Antin, près de l'Opéra, it gained its first wide publicity from the fact that the prince of Wales, on his first visit to Paris, was allowed to go to Fysher's when all other night cafés were forbidden to him. Fysher's ranks in Paris as a private *musicale* at which one may obtain refreshments, and so beloved is Fysher that one evening his front door bolt being immovable, at the suggestion of the Prince of Wales and the Grand Duke Boris, his audience rather than miss an evening with the artist trooped in by the narrow kitchen entrance through the old-fashioned courtyard of the rue d'Antin. As nearly as possible

the form of entertainment in vogue in Paris is reproduced here. Fysher himself is the attraction, he is assisted by two pretty French women, Irene Bordoni and Suzanne Feindel and by Maurice Farkoa, a delightful artist, well known to American theatre-goers.

Fysher's new scene of operations in the country of the barbarians ought to have a word of description. From the entrance doors you ascend to it by a broad flight of steps carpeted in that dismal shade of Axminster which is neither green or blue but partakes of the bad qualities of both, and at the head of the stairs you are at once in the supper and dance room. In the centre of this hall is a dancing space almost as big as a pie plate, and the tables are stationed in serried ranks about it. On the left as you enter is a rostrum, exactly spacious enough to hold an upright piano and one performer. The performer stands behind the piano, only half of his body being visible.

It doesn't sound very new or very attractive, does it? Well console yourself—you did not come here to climb a grand staircase or gaze at painted ceilings—you came to see and hear Fysher who has more than the usual amount of the extra-ordinary genius that the French have of imitation and caricature. You came also to buy wine and watch the crowd, for all New York is there, men about town and society women dressed to kill.

Fysher's is the latest fashion—the Cabaret Mondain as it is called. You see there every variety of *coiffure* and by that I mean you see the woman of society and the chorus lady (the latter has no real counterpart in Paris) side by side and both give you some strange styles of hair-dressing, the weirdest being what is said to be the present mode. To adopt it a female must part her hair in the middle, gum it flat down over her ears and when she has arrived at her ears she must take the tongs and make a couple of ranges of curls close round the whole head. With a face about the size of an apple that is a becoming head dress.

Fysher himself doesn't bother much about hair or dress. In his evening suit he looks like an ordinary Frenchman, but this is true only when he is not performing, then he is a Proteus without adventitious aid—peasant, *gamin*, jockey, *flaneur*, artist, Spaniard, Greek—he can project all of them at will and to say that he is an inimitable imitator, that is to utter a generality, the only way to describe this indescribable Frenchman.

They are comedies and farces that he gives us, or rather his songs are the tag ends or, at most,

the last acts of comedies and farces, for he skips as unnecessary all the circumstances leading up to his audacious *dénouement*. He is an artist who can afford to make our imaginations work. That may be too big a word but certainly he expects us to take a great deal for granted, and the frequency that he can get the laugh over is a proof of his ability to surmount even the obstacles of a strange tongue. The songs are risqué, sometimes coarse, but there is always the excuse of *le bon rire gaulois*. At times, too, the artist strikes the note of true pathos.

It is as well to ask what is gained by acquiring such an intimate acquaintance with a lan-

guage as would enable us to understand the "delicacies" of Fysher. Easy enough and natural enough is it for the reformer to cry out against the French manners that wound our sense of propriety, and to stigmatize a performer of the lighter French song as a monster of wickedness and a fiend of iniquity. The French smile and do not mind, seeing in our hypocritical attitude to the actual only a kind of false shame, and, in fact, performers like Fysher slight rather than offend what we call our

"good taste." Artists from the 'alls of London are continually doing it. Haven't you heard their labored descriptions of all sorts of imaginable wickedness? Beside them the artist who paints actual manners (if not of the Sunday school), who draws with a stroke, as it were, the characters of living men and women, is refreshing. We follow him in his lively, malicious and unexpurgated account of "naughty" human beings with a blush to be sure but without resentment. Not many of us, thank goodness, were born with the unhappy disposition of John Knox!

This is the reason, perhaps, that certain entertainments and entertainers flourish and prosper among us. They do not conduct us to heaven, but they soothe the tired business man, they dissipate domestic chagrin. Our hand to them and let philosophy go hang! What is philosophy anyway? We may talk of it; but except at the bottom of the wine cup where do we find it?



A. NILSON FYSHER  
*Diseur* and monologist

ano fiend—whatever designation you care to give him—is one of the latest arrivals. They have built for him a two-story building in the Forties, near Sixth Avenue, and furnished it in the usual style of all such Bohemian resorts—with mirrors, little tables and comfortable benches upholstered in red velvet.

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SUZANNE FEINDEL



MAURICE FARKOA



© Ira L. Hill  
IRENE BORDONI



# Julia Arthur's Return to the Stage

BY  
ADA PATTERSON



WHEN Julia Arthur returned to the stage after sixteen years' absence from it, a woman who attended a matinée of "The Eternal Magdalene" with me said: "I am amazed. She has come back a better actress than she was when she left."

In that interval, Julia Arthur, in private life Mrs. Benjamin Cheney, has walked the boards but twice, each time in the city of her adoption since her marriage, Boston; each time for charity. Yet the testimony of the woman who sat beside me at the theatre was supported by whispered remarks of those who surrounded us in the well-filled orchestra, of those who preceded and followed us up the aisle to the doors when the play

Photo White  
JULIA ARTHUR  
as she is to-day

was done, and it was echoed by the critic's reviews.

It was a return akin in splendor to the triumphant reappearance of the commander of a victorious army. Baskets of flowers overflowed the lobby of the Forty-eighth Street Theatre and impeded the progress of patrons to their seats in the theatre. Telegrams and congratulatory letters and expressions of confidence in the outcome of the evening literally covered the walls of the star's dressing-room. A grave editorial writer published his conviction that it was as though Mary Anderson had repented her desertion of the stage, for Julia Arthur was Mary Anderson's successor, and, seeing the error of her course, had come back to shed the light of better things upon us at a time the stage sorely needed such light.

I called upon the re-arisen star to ask why, after the lapse of years, in which infants had grown to young women and the matinée maids who had adored her had grown into matrons, she was a better actress than when she left the stage. Here was a blow at the hoary adage regarding perfection that comes of much repetition.

She was a tall figure, whose regality dominated without effort the rooms through which she led me in the apartment house across the street from Clyde Fitch's one-time home. They were handsome rooms, the drawing-room, the dining-room and her bed-chamber beyond, though she said she had done violence to the mode by the number of pictures, paint-

ings and sketches and fine old photographs that hung upon them.

"It is usual to place but one picture on the wall in a room now."

"But surely you have earned the right to be individual," I remonstrated.

"Benjamin and I both like pictures. We are content."

She arranged her stately length in a big arm chair where she could bask in the sunlight. I gladly imitated her. She looked regal in her negligée. I have known no other woman of whom that can be truthfully said. Her



JULIA ARTHUR AS JULIET

From a photo taken about eighteen years ago



peignoir of heavy burnt orange silk hung in straight folds about her and escaped the floor by a dust-banishing inch. There was no swish nor flutter of the garment when she moved. Its large collar of Oriental stuff threw her small dark head and majestic profile into relief. She made no apologies for the morning attire. A hair dresser disappearing as I left and a half-dozen telephoned conversations during my stay was sufficient evidence of a full morning. And that afternoon she was to meet the New York Theatre Club and the Twelfth Night Club, and would tell them what she thought of "The Eternal Magdalene."

"Why, not having acted for sixteen years, are you a better actress than before you left the stage?"

Julia Arthur encourages direct questions by answering them in kind.

"I think there are two big reasons and several lesser ones," was her rejoinder.

"Suppose that we begin with the biggest one?"

"Very well. I think that so long as growth goes on in the nature there is growth in one's art."

"Shall we make that as clear as possible to the readers of THE THEATRE?"

"I will do my best. The years since I left the stage have been, I believe, years of unfoldment for me. I had almost every opportunity for growth. I had rest and ease of mind! You see, although I was young when I left the stage, I had served it for a long time, for I began acting at eleven, and had acted for twenty years. I needed rest. I had had many anxieties of a personal nature. I cannot tell what they were without touching the lives of others. One cannot do her best work with a harassed mind.

"My happy marriage and the years of quiet life that followed gave me the rest and peace of mind I needed. My life was divided in a sense into three parts. I spent part of it on an island which Mr. Cheney owns in Boston Harbor. There and in our yacht, the *Julia*, we spent our summers in happy, lazy living. For a few months a year we lived at an hotel in Boston. The remainder was passed in travel with my husband when tours on railroad business were necessary. I would have been lazy, indeed, mentally, had I not improved such conditions as these for growth. For I had time for reading and study and reflection, and contact with other minds, without which there cannot be healthful mental growth.

"I had the stimulus of my husband's companionship. His development has been along executive and practical lines. That was exactly the element I needed in my mental life. It is

helpful to associate with a clear mind of forceful habit. I had a great deal of this association, for we are much alone. At first that troubled

verses over there in the drawer that I will show you. I wrote them. I am not proud of them. They are schoolgirl like, for I am not trained in written form of expression. But they show where my dramatic interest chiefly lies. When a woman is as much alone as I was she has time to find herself, time to grow in self-knowledge and in all knowledge."

"If you had listened to the siren song of society you would have had no such opportunity."

"You are right. Another big reason why I grew in the art of the theatre was that I kept on seeing plays."

"The best?"

"No, all. We saw everything that came to Boston. Mr. Cheney likes musical comedies and we saw them. We went to minstrel shows."

"What did you get from a minstrel show?"

"I never saw any theatrical entertainment from which I did not get something. Lew Dockstader made me laugh. It is good for the mind to laugh. A ringing, genuine laugh opens the mind. I liked to see Primrose dance. He was a remarkable dancer. That was an opportunity I never missed."

"Do you think it is necessary to get away from the theatre to clearly see its faults?"

"I would amend that to say, 'If we get away from the theatre we can see our own faults.' I can quite understand that leaving the stage and living the everyday life of a normal woman would lead an actress to drop her mannerisms. Although, I do not defend mannerisms. Actresses need not have them. If we think of how we will play a part we inject ourselves into the picture. If we think only of the part, our portrayal will be wholly of the part."

I reminded her that Minnie Maddern Fiske had left the stage for a long time, and had returned to it a better actress in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

"I think it was a great loss to the stage that she left it for any time. I remember meeting her while she was taking that long rest and telling her so. It may have been very rude of me, but I wanted to see her back

for the stage's sake. I did not know Miss Anglin had left the stage. Ah, yes, the year she was in Europe and was ill. Yes, she came back and played exquisitely in 'The Awakening of Helena Ritchie.' She seemed to have developed comedy during her rest. But, then, she always had comedy. Which proves my point that whatever you have that is worthy will develop during a period of rest and ease of mind.

"The signals of physical breakdown an actress must heed. I don't (Continued on page 38)



Sarony

CHARLOTTE WALKER

Leading woman with E. H. Sothorn in "The Two Virtues"

me. Mr. Cheney does not care for society, yet I feared he would have too much of mine. I would say, 'Why not have some one up to dinner? Let us have some men if you don't like women.' His reply would be, 'Guess I can stand it if you can.' When we went to the theatre it was the same. We were generally alone.

"It followed naturally that I was much alone. While my husband was at business I read and studied. I read a great deal of Shakespeare. I had always been loyal to him. There are some



IN STAGE  
AND  
FILM LAND



© Ira L. Hill  
BONNIE GLASS  
Well-known dancer  
in vaudeville



© Ira L. Hill  
GLADYS LAMB  
Appearing at "Cas-  
tles in the Air"



© Ira L. Hill MARGUERITE GALE  
In the film play "How Molly Made Good"



White

SAHARY-DJELI  
Arabian dancer now appearing in "A World of Pleasure" at the Winter Garden





them but for my husband. Very kindly but firmly he said to me: 'You have worked enough. I want you to go back into a corner and sit down.' He was right then. I want to tell you one lesson in acting that

I learned during that long and happy rest. It is that grind and your best work cannot live together. As I recall my past stage work and as I look into the future I know that I never did grind and never will. I worked hard! O yes! Grind in the sense of perseverance I know. But even in the early days when I barnstormed I did not grind in my study. I did very little study of a part before a mirror, for I found that when I did that I thought of myself when I should have thought only of the part. That is the kind of study that makes the actress self conscious, that develops mannerisms. The part should be studied with zest and pleasure and should flow freely from one."

Julia Arthur Cheney leaned forward impulsively and lifted a match box from the end of

the table. "If I am playing a part it does not matter to me where that box is. I will find it. There are players who would be thrown into distress if the box had been moved twelve inches to the right or left. I think that pitiable. Such a state of mind is a slavery to things. It is exhausting and such actors leave the stage early. I suppose I am a trial to the members of the company. I don't play my part twice the same and I cannot be found at the same minute in the same part of the stage in successive performances. But I am not severe with myself for that. I think a performance and the performer of it should be elastic."

It was Daniel Frohman who caused the return of Julia Arthur to the stage. He saw her at a benefit given in Boston for the Actor's Fund.

"You should come back to the stage. It is mental laziness that keeps you off," he reproved. There was something of the nature of a challenge to George Tyler in it too. For the yeoman manager hearing her determination to play Juliet at the benefit said: "I wouldn't. No

woman over thirty should attempt it." "But I have not gained weight and I have not a double chin. The lines in my face have not hardened. You have not seen me made up. I will show you that I can play Juliet."

She played Juliet to Ernest Glendinning's Romeo to the delight of all. Which was the reason she came laughing back from her answer to George Tyler's summons by telephone while we talked.

"Come back and tell me how much you don't like me," she flung at him.

In April she will give a lecture on "The Heroines of Shakespeare" at Harvard College for the Shakespeare tercentenary celebration. While there will be addresses by many distinguished scholars she is the only actress so honored.

The future? She will act. How long is a question the volume of her strength must answer. What? "I have never cared for modern rôles. My inclination is toward the romantic,"



A GRACEFUL figure, of rather more than medium height, broad-shouldered, deep chested, rounded and supple, a clear skin, in coloring rather like that of a Cuban, soft yet flashing brown eyes, and a face whose expression changes rapidly with her mood—that is the Princess Red Feather, or to use her soft native tongue, Princess Tsianila (pronounced Tcheneely).

The general musical world first made her acquaintance last year. Charles Cadman, whose Indian songs are famous, heard her sing in the Denver studio of her teacher, Mr. John C. Wilcox, and was so pleased with her voice and singing that the result was a concert tour, the Princess singing his songs. She won much praise, and in November of the present year paid her first visit to the East to fill several concert engagements, among them one in Pittsburgh.

The Princess wears her native dress exclusively, although she modifies it in different costumes, all of which she designs for herself. On this day she was wearing dark red cloth, the skirt reaching to her boot tops, with an overskirt the edge cut in strips forming a fringe, and trimmed with beads in attractive design and colors. This trimming was repeated on the plain bodice, rather like a shirt waist, with elbow sleeves and collarless. Around her head, resting low on her forehead, was a broad band of bead work, with a small red wing standing erect at the back of her head, and her heavy dark hair was worn in two braids down her back. On her feet were boots of soft buckskin without heels, and laced with the same material.

Princess Red Feather is the daughter of a chief of the Creek Indians, and was born in Oklahoma, where his tribe, who originally owned all the territory now included in the States of Georgia and Alabama are now settled. The Creeks have for many years been civilized, and are a farming people. As a little child, the Princess attended the country school near her home with other children, Indian and white. But after finishing there, and desiring further study, she went to the Government school and completed a high school course. At this Government school, exclusively for Indians, who live there entirely during their studies, only English is spoken, the

## Indian Princess and Prima Donna

children being punished for using their own language, but in their family circles they speak their native tongue exclusively.

The girl early showed musical talent, taking part in school choruses, singing solos, etc., but without thought of studying seriously. A friend was stricken with tuberculosis, and went to Colorado in search of health, Princess Red Feather accompanying her. In Denver she made friends who persuaded her to study singing, her teacher was interested in her from the first, and after but two years of study she pleased the critical audience for whom she sang.

"My father has been dead for years; I can

hardly remember him. My mother also is dead, but more recently. She used to say to me as a

child: 'Don't make friends of the "Pale Faces." They will only break your heart. It will end in your coming back to your own people heart-broken and wretched, my child.' She had reason for speaking as she did, for she knew of the wrongs that many of my people had met with at the hands of unscrupulous men; she herself had been defrauded of property. But I only wish that she could have lived to know what good friends I have made among the people against whom she warned me. Such kind people as I have met and learned to know."

"Do you consider the Indians a musical race?"

"Undoubtedly. Why, we sing all the time among ourselves. The men and women sing at work or when resting, the children sing at play. The Indian music should not be classed or compared with the negro music, as is sometimes done. The negroes are not original, we are. Take Mr. Cadman's song, 'The Land of the Sky-blue Water,' for instance, which has been so much admired. That, as he will tell you, is purely an Indian melody, which he has harmonized. We have many more as beautiful. If there is an American music surely it is we Indians who are its originators."

"You seem very unlike our general idea of an Indian in one respect," I remarked. "We always think of them as impassive, concealing all emotion. Did you not find it difficult to overcome this trait as an artistic singer must?"

The Princess smiled.

"Yes, I was obliged to overcome it when before the public, but you are mistaken in believing that it is a characteristic of Indians when among their own people. We early learn unconsciously, without being told, from our elders to wear a mask when with, shall I say, 'Pale Faces'? We feel that we are not understood by them and that is why we are thought impassive. But among his own people, the Indian laughs and talks as animatedly as any other race."

From New York, she went to Providence for a concert, and then, stopping on the way for six or eight additional concerts, returns to Denver for further study with Mr. Wilcox. In March she starts on a concert tour West to the Coast.

ELISE LATHROP.



PRINCESS RED FEATHER



THEATRE MAGAZINE AUTOGRAPH GALLERY



Underwood & Underwood

Sincerely Yours  
R. B. Mantel



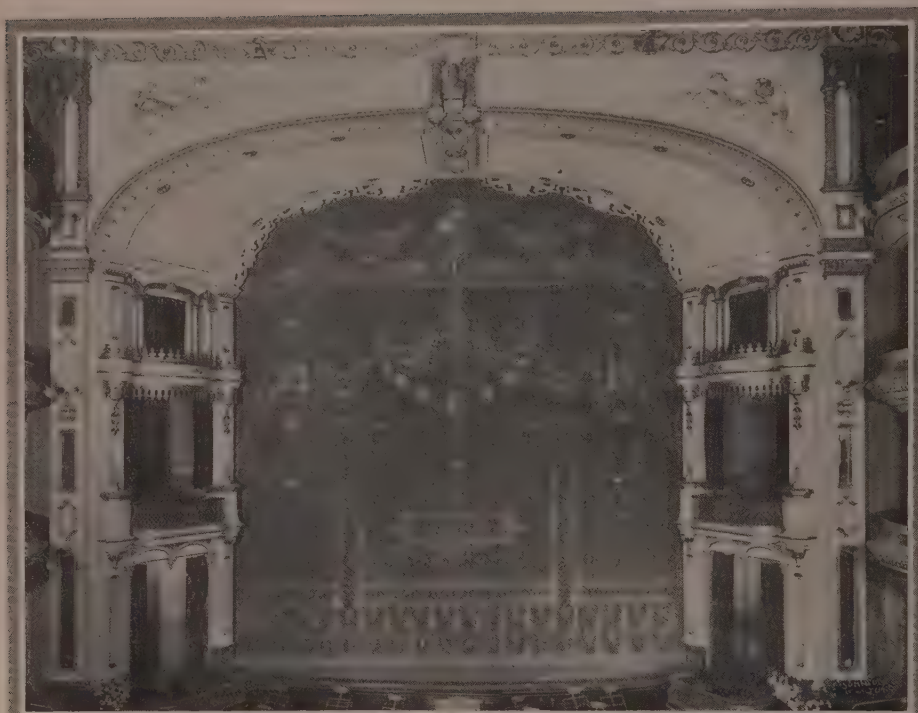


Photo Johnson

INTERIOR OF THE SALT LAKE THEATRE

## A Pioneer Playhouse

By GEORGE-MERWIN NELSON

**T**HAT the Mormons were, and probably still are, the greatest theatre-goers in the world, seems an undisputed fact. Many an itinerant Thespian—tarrying over night from his weary pilgrimage across the great American Desert—knows that the "City of the Saints" is a veritable oasis of shekels, and, with his coffer replenished, his enthusiasm revived, has gone forth with the conviction that the Mormons believe in the playhouse as they do in their religion. Thus it is that Salt Lake City to-day is generally conceded to be the best show town along America's Gay White Way.

Within three years after the followers of Brigham Young journeyed into the unknown territory of Utah, in 1847, and began the erection of their city, a musical and dramatic association was formed, revealing a great deal of latent talent in their little colony of pioneers. The first dramatic performance of these free-will exiles, was given in the "Bowery," a small place of worship where summer services were held, near the site where the big tabernacle now stands. With a little home-made scenery, rough furniture and no costumes to speak of, the famous stock company of the Salt Lake Theatre had its birth as early as 1850. The first bill presented consisted of an old drama called "Robert Macaire, or The Two Murders," dancing by a Miss Badlam and the farce of the "Dead Shot." Several other plays were presented during their first season, the actors' services being entirely voluntary and their only remuneration the applause of their admiring auditors.

The "Social Hall," opened in 1852, then became the home of the players—"The Lady of Lyons" inaugurating the first dramatic performance in the spacious new building, which stood on a plot forty by eighty feet and equipped with "elaborate" scenery by a local artist. The play was an emphatic success and the "Social Hall" continued to be the chief place of amusement from 1852 to 1857. In the latter year both business and pleasure were practically suspended in the territory, due to a difference of opinion between the Mormon Elders and the United States Courts, resulting in the presence, outside the city, of Albert Sidney Johnson and a small army—stationed there by President Buchanan to curb the rebellious Saints, and necessitating the assumption of more serious rôles by the heroes of the play. During the winter of 1859-1860, peace having been virtually restored between "Uncle Sam" and "Brother Brigham," as the Prophet was affectionately called by his flock, the Dramatic Stock Company once again resumed their labors, presenting such plays as "Luke the Laborer," "Still Waters Run Deep," "All That Glitters Is Not Gold," etc.

During the season of 1860-1861 a rival company was formed under the name of the Mechanics Dramatic Association. These players, under the guidance of Phil Margetts, long a favorite comedian at Social Hall, took possession of the dwelling, then under construction, by Harry Bow-



EXTERIOR OF THE SALT LAKE THEATRE

(Above) BRIGHAM YOUNG

ring, one of their members. The building had floors and a roof, but little else, no plastering and no partitions had been put in. The entire lower floor was not more than eighteen by forty feet, and about one third of this was occupied by the stage. The new playhouse, in miniature, was named "Bowring's Theatre" after its owner, and not only has the distinction of being the first building in Utah to be called a theatre, but undoubtedly was the first "Little Theatre" in this country—if not in the world. Mr. Bowring and his family resided in a small house adjoining the theatre, and the players used his home for their dressing rooms. Among the plays presented were "The Honeymoon," "Othello," and the farce "Betsy Baker." Shortly after the new theatre began operations, Margetts called on President Brigham Young and invited him and his little family, consisting of nineteen wives, fifty-six children and possibly his eighteen mothers-in-law to witness a performance. As the seats were mostly engaged for that evening, the President was informed that the "house" would be reserved for him and his family the night following; subsequently ninety tickets, the capacity of the building, were forwarded to Utah's Patron Saint of the drama—and the next evening "The Honeymoon" was given to the keen delight of the Young family. Margetts, in a curtain speech, expressed his regret at the inadequacy of the building in which he and his company had to appear before so illustrious an assemblage, to which President Young graciously responded, declaring his intention to erect a commodious playhouse without further delay for the promotion of dramatic art. True to his word, President Young announced from his pulpit, the following Sunday, that they would shortly have a big "fun hall" or theatre, in which the muse of Melpomene, Terpsichore and so on—could united stand—resulting in the consolidation of the rival forces and the erection of the Salt Lake Theatre.

Although far from completion, the new building was filled to overflowing on the evening of March 6, 1862, and appropriately dedicated with a religious service and prayer. President Young, in his address,





© Ira L. Hill

KITTY GORDON AND  
HER DAUGHTER,  
VERA BERESFORD



put a ban on tragedy and sensational melodrama, declaring that laughter, not tears, was the ideal amusement for his people, also expressing his determination to prohibit the appearance there of "Gentile" actors—as all non-believers in the Mormon faith were called. Years later, however, the "first nighters" having wearied of incessant mirth and home talent, both of these barriers were broken down, the Salt Lake audiences receiving the traveling star with open arms and fairly gloating over the dark deeds of Macbeth. On the 8th of March, 1862, the first plays were presented to a packed house—the bill comprising "The Pride of the Market" and "State Secrets," the performance beginning at seven o'clock—the prices of admission being seventy-five cents for the lower floor and fifty cents for the upper galleries.

The theatre was fully completed during the summer of 1862, and a second formal dedication followed on December 24th, the stock company appearing in "The Honeymoon" on Christmas night.

President Young was not only a chronic playgoer, but at one time he alternated between the pulpit and stage, assuming the rôle of the High Priest in "Pizarro" with great éclat. The lower right hand box was always reserved for him, and he rarely ever missed a good performance to the time of his death in 1877. It is stated that a comfortable rocking-chair was kept in the theatre for his exclusive use, and frequently he would be discovered seated just off an aisle.

With the advent of the handsome new playhouse, the stock company was strengthened, from time to time, by visiting artists, who were journeying across the continent by stage. The "guest" players received a liberal share of the box-office receipts—while the home talent had to be content with words of appreciation from their neighbors and the blessings of the church. This soon led to dissatisfaction and formal complaints began to pour in, ultimately resulting in two benefit performances at the end of each season—one for the gentlemen and one for the ladies of the company.

One of the first stars, from afar, to shed his luster in the new theatre, was George Pouncefort, an English actor, who was the original Armand Duval in "Camille"—when the play was first given in New York by Matilda Heron. Pouncefort made his début at the Salt Lake Theatre—July 20, 1864—in "The Romance of a Poor

Young Man"—meeting with immediate favor, his season closing September 30th; he also played a return engagement in December of that year when "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" were revealed to Salt Lake audiences for the first time. Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, popularly known as "Julia Dean," an actress of rare charm and accomplishments,

notes being given, and strange to say, accepted in payment for the building, his only asset consisting of a firm faith in his satellites and the assurance to his creditors that "competition" was the one thing needed along Salt Lake's Rialto. The new structure, under the burdensome title of "Academy of Music," began a short lived and

woeefully disastrous engagement a few months later—the "Potter Company" then disbanded and drifted forth to parts unknown. Julia Dean continued to appear as prime favorite at the Salt Lake Theatre until June 30, 1866; "Camille" was given as her farewell performance. It is authoritatively stated that Brigham Young was so greatly enamored of this gifted daughter of the stage that he desired to confer the honor of making her Mrs. Young number twenty, but the gentle actress had already cast her eye upon James G. Cooper, Secretary of the territory of Utah, at that time, under the United States Government, shortly after bestowing upon him her heart and hand. They were married promptly, journeying East to New York where she died the following year at the age of thirty-five. Julia Dean was born near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 21, 1830.

One of the most talented and popular members of the stock organization, for a number of years, was Miss Annie Adams, who married James Kiskadden, on August 15, 1869, and on November 11, 1872, Maude Adams Kiskadden was born, the latter beginning her brilliant stage career within a year from the date of her nativity, on the stage of the Salt Lake Theatre, where she has since played innumerable triumphant return engagements.

Since those early Pioneer days, both before and after the great Western Continent was linked by an endless chain of railway systems, many of the world's most distinguished sons and daughters have graced the now historic boards of this famed playhouse. With the invasion of actors and actresses, from the buffoon to America's greatest genius—Edwin Booth—the stock company began to wane in popularity, and though a number of the Mormon players achieved great distinction, the famous organization has long since disbanded and the Salt Lake Theatre today is one of the best known in the Western Circuit to the "Road Shows." Among others, who have appeared there, are such illustrious names as Lucille Western, Charlotte Crampton, Kate Claxton, Mrs. Langtry and Mary Anderson.



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IVY TROUTMAN IN "SADIE LOVE" AT THE GAIETY

was the next stellar attraction, having journeyed across the desert from San Francisco by stage, arriving there in July, 1865, and opening with the play of "Camille," in association with the "Potter Company," George Waldron being engaged as leading man. So great was the "fair Julia's" success, she was at once installed at the head of the stock company, while her strolling companions—namely the "Potter Company," with whom her fortunes—or misfortunes—had been linked en route from the Pacific Coast, were released from further appearances after the first week and left in an almost destitute condition—practically a thousand miles from civilization at that time. Nothing daunted, however, the energetic Mr. Potter and his "lesser lights"—modestly set to work and constructed a crude playhouse of their own at a cost of about \$7,000, promissory





Sarony

OTIS SKINNER IN HIS LIBRARY

This well-known actor is now appearing in Henry Arthur Jones' comedy "Cock o' the Walk"



# How Scotti Makes Up

By AVERY STRAKOSCH

ANTONIO SCOTTI, the well-known baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is as good an actor as he is a singer. In the art of stage make-up he is not surpassed by any contemporary.

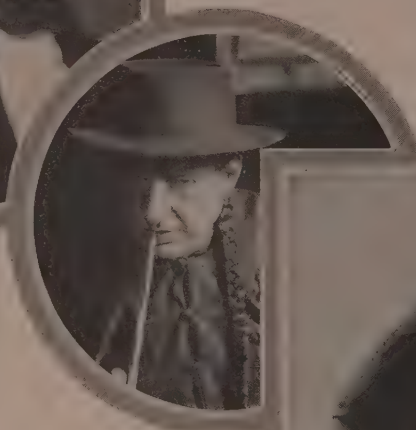
"A true artist," said Signor Scotti recently, "is one who has

Before my mirror, I smile as broadly as I can, watching what my muscles do. The cheeks fill out and upward. Good! I take my grease paint—brown—and mark downward from the eyes. This I smooth on, adding a little white, and finally finish with a red blotch on either cheek.



© Mishkin  
In "La Traviata"

to his credit many distinct and varying characterizations, each standing alone in a clear-cut brilliance. When I began my career, I used to watch carefully an old artist in the same company with me. His



In "L'Oracolo"



© Mishkin In "Manon"

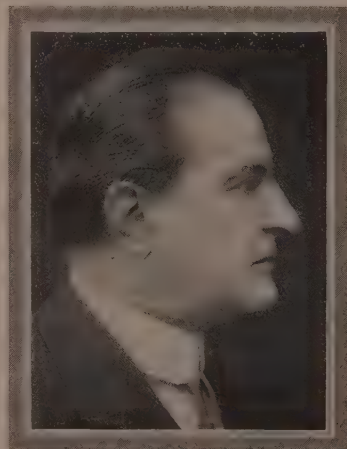
command of the paints and powders seemed inexhaustible. I would copy this or that, often venturing to add a line here and there, as I thought it was needed.

The artist to be successful in making-up must realize and study several definite conditions. He will, as a rule, know the lighting of the scene he is to play in; and he will exert his natural intelligence a bit, and realize the laws of contrast; that is to say, the contrast which show through contact with the other artists. Of course, the detail of greatest importance is that the actor study endlessly his own natural facial expression. By that I mean, first, the face in repose and after that, all of the expressions brought into play by the different emotions. He cannot watch himself too closely. He must be as familiar with his own smile, with the slightest change that the movement of a muscle makes on his own face, as he is of such changes on the face of a companion. The physiognomy of a human being may be compared to a canvas before a painter, but far more difficult to paint upon, because of its varying moods and expressions.

"I don't think there are any set of rules for successful make-up. Personally, I know that certain combinations of color applied to any face will bring about results I seek. For instance, if I am to play a comedy part I wish to make my face appear stout.



© Mishkin  
ANTONIO SCOTTI AS IAGO IN "OTELLO"



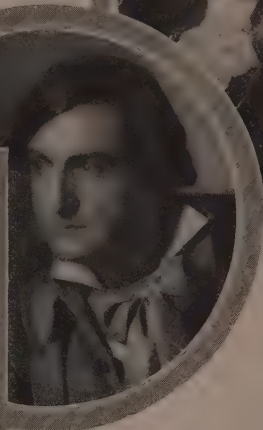
© Mishkin  
SIGNOR SCOTTI



© Mishkin  
In "Tosca"

In the case of a character such as Falstaff, an exaggerated ro-und effect may be pro-

duced by placing a beard very far under the chin. This brings to the face an exaggerated full appearance.



© Mishkin In "La Bohème"



© Mishkin In "Les Huguenots"

"To appear cadaverous, or weak, I use a dark blue on either side of my mouth. This I rub in very thoroughly; with the rest of my face—the general background—made whiter than normally, the blue produces the proper thin and drawn look from the other side of the footlights. The effect from the front is striking. To make the mouth appear large, the actual outline must be accentuated with red. If the rôle is that of a villain, a brown grease paint will produce as bad an expression as anyone could wish for.

"The eyes are apt to be more made-up than any other feature of the face. If the ordinary make-up is used, I mean the natural flesh-tint, the eyes can be made to appear most brilliant by placing a deep blue—not black—on the eyelids, and a slight touch of red above the blue on the upper-lid, with, of course, a pointing of red in the corners and a line at either end to give distance. But if the general make-up is that of an Oriental, an East Indian, for instance, the law of contrast will here come into play; then a white grease paint should be substituted for the blue. Observation has aided me, besides continually trying this or that paint or powder to see what would happen. These details, when placed on paper, seem so simple! But it is surprising how a comment here, and a remark there, have compelled me to study myself. In this art one can always learn."



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## The Woman Who Influenced Wagner

(Continued from page 24)

Siegfried Wagner works like a day-laborer. He rises at six in the summer and seven in the winter and spends the entire day at the piano. The result of his labor is a large number of songs and ten operas. He permits himself to loiter in the evening and is usually surrounded by a merry party at the restaurant, Die Eule. "He seems bored to extinction if obliged to spend an entire evening at home at Wahnfried with us," said Stewart Houston Chamberlain, husband of Eva Wagner, who has lately come into much prominence for his widely circulated condemnation of his native England. "If he doesn't go to Die Eule to spend the evening, he usually has twelve or fifteen friends around him at home; and we are glad of it, because then Siegfried is himself."

Like his father, Siegfried writes his own librettos and he says that he is trying to do in a small way what his father achieved on a noble and mammoth scale. Most of his operas are founded upon the folklore and fairy tales of Germany. During the past three years, however, he has shown a tendency to launch into other fields. For example, his "Sonnen Flammen" is set in Constantinople and has nothing mythical or legendary about it. On the contrary, it has a modern story and calls for lavish spectacle and pageantry. It has a brilliant score and the excerpts heard by his friends show it to be much different from his other work. Another opera, which his friends and admirers—and he has many of them—believe may bring forth an encouraging verdict from the critics, is called "The King of the Heathen." It recites the conflict between Christianity and Paganism on the boundaries of Prussia and Poland in the early day, when people were Christians one day, but lapsed into the older form of worship on the morrow. He has completed another opera, which has not been produced on account of the war. It is called "The Angel of Freedom." The church condemns a suicide. In this opera, an angel comes to the unfortunate one and carries her away to paradise. The work will be seen later.

Siegfried would not answer the question directly, so I asked Chamberlain which of his fathers works were the son's favorites.

"It would be difficult to say which he likes best," he replied, "but I believe that 'Die Meistersinger' gives him the greatest happiness. It has tremendous difficulties for the producer, but he seems always planning to include it in the next festival. Siegfried believes that the love scenes in 'Tristan and Isolde' are exaggerated, which it seems to me, proves that while he is like his father in many ways, he is also very different. Richard Wagner was a man of passion and excitability; his son is calm and not easily moved. He seems to think more of the musical ideas in his operas than of the book and story."

"Will you ever come to America?" I asked Siegfried Wagner, telling him at the same time that an American manager had told me that he offered to pay him \$100,000 if he would make an American tour with an orchestra playing his father's works.

"Some day," he replied, "I would like to see America, but I shall never go so far away while my mother is living."

But Cosima is old and feeble. She has failed rapidly in the last few years, and those close to her do all in their power to shield her from excitement of any kind. She sees a

few old friends, most of whom were attached to that faithful circle that surrounded her husband in his latter years; but others do not see her and she does not see them, for she rarely goes to the Festspielhaus nowadays and she sits in a balcony hidden from sight when guests come and go at Wahnfried.

"In many ways," said her son-in-law, "Cosima is still the most wonderful woman I have ever known. Her memory is also uncanny. She is able to repeat verbatim a conversation of thirty or forty years ago, while most of us tax our memories to remember the larger events of only a few years back. It is difficult for some of us to remember the titles of the books we have read. Cosima easily recalls the names of the characters in the fiction she has read—and she has read the literature of many countries."

Since the publication of Wagner's autobiography in two large volumes which have attracted world-wide attention, the comment has been made frequently that without doubt there is more of it to come, and that Wagner's widow has suppressed those portions of it which she did not care to have published until after her death.

"The autobiography has been published in its entirety," replied Chamberlain when I asked a question concerning it. "But I will tell you two things apropos thereto that are much more interesting, and which are not known, at least they have never been published. The manuscript of 'Meine Leben' is in Cosima's handwriting. It was really written by her, although it was dictated by Richard Wagner. It was their custom to go to the study, where Cosima would sit down at his desk and her husband would pace up and down the floor, recalling the events of his life and telling her about them. Then these things were put into the language in which the world knows them by Cosima. You note that the 'Life' as published, merely comes down to Wagner's selection of Bayreuth as his permanent residence, and the building of the Festspielhaus. What I believe is of vastly more importance, is the fact that in Cosima's strong box, jealously guarded, she has a diary of her life with Richard Wagner, from the day of her marriage. It is a daily record, and from what I know of this wonderful woman, I believe that it is one of the most interesting human documents of our time. Doubtless it will not be given to the world until after her death. Who will write her biography? Perhaps there will be none, for she has desired to submerge herself entirely in the personality of her husband, and she lives to-day with only that thought. One of the first things she told me when I came to Bayreuth as a correspondent, was that her name was not to be mentioned, which seemed at the time rather unusual instructions, because she was the central pivot on which Bayreuth revolved. Later, when I became a member of the family, I understood. Cosima's life work has been the realization of her husband's artistic dream. She loved him as few women have loved. When he died, she wept for practically eight years, and this, coupled with her work at the theatre, amid the bright lights, is given by the specialists as the principal cause for her failing eyesight. I believe that the publication of her diary will be the most illuminating presentment of Richard Wagner's real life that the world has yet received, far more so than any of the lives by biographers and historians, among whom I am one."

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## "Types" Wanted!

(Continued from page 15)

the comedy fat man, the *ingénue*, and the adventuress, simply because we had seen them playing those rôles in previous efforts. We had to ferret them out from the cast, to place them, and to appreciate what they were trying to do.

To-day, we turn from Broadway, and its labelled puppets in dismay. The eternal round of "metropolitan favorites" who kill competition and art at the same time, wearies us. Plays written for the exploitation of their personalities, confront us at every turn. The modern playwright refusing to consider them, could scarcely manage to exist. We read that this-or-that manager is "having a play written" for this-or-that personality, not for this-or-that idea, or for this-or-that artist. The same methods are practised in the lower form of entertainment that we call musical comedy. There is the chorus girl who suddenly and mysteriously acquires a personality, and is "fitted" for the following season with a special brand of musical comedy, suited to her inability. She is nothing one season, and everything the next, and you wonder why. Perhaps her form has attracted the attention of critics, or she has a funny little laugh, or a peculiar gesture. These must be wedged into some sort of musical comedy, and fifty other girls, with better voices, keener dramatic instinct, and an equal amount of good looks, are left lamenting.

Worthy people arise, and establish "cults" in desperation. These "cults" seem, on their face, to be very daring and novel, but they are all founded on the good old notion that actors should act; that the play is the thing, and that the starvation of actors' artistic instincts should cease. All these "cults" are as old as the hills—but we hear about them, and shrug our shoulders enigmatically at the improbability of such antique novelties proving successful. In their efforts to get away from the lamentable lethargy of Broadway, with its impoverished drama, and its emaciated "artists" well-meaning people build tiny theatres, form "societies," and do all sorts of reckless things to attract attention to serious ideas. They prattle about the abolition of footlights, the abolition of scenery, the abolition of entr'acte music, the abolition of this, and that, and the other.

But they do not prattle about the abolition of "metropolitan favorites," and the abolition of "types" and the abolition of plays constructed to establish all these. And that is all we really need.

We have stage societies and neighborhood aggregations, and thermos-bottle theatres, and valise playhouses, and all the rest of it. Odd fads are ventilated. Sometimes it is Greek drama in the open air, or Shakespeare with half its cast gilded, or the intricate vaporings of dear old Bernard Shaw offered without a star, or some medical society with a mania for the dramatization of malignant disease.

All these signs of unrest and febrility are due to the fatigue that the arrogant and self-assertive producers of Broadway have induced in a long-suffering public. They are due to the miscasting of plays, by the emphasis of "type" rather than of dramatic art. They are due to the scramble for a "success" by desperate managers, ignorant of the fact that they have killed their own game, iniquitously and unnecessarily. The "type" has replaced the actor, who no longer has ground for the sole of his foot. The whole structure of the present day drama is reared on the "type." It is the "type" that gets the big salary which is eternally chronicled in the "footlight gossip" of the daily papers. It is the "type" that

is pictured with the palatial country home, the expensive automobile, and the ever-varying wife. The actor turns in affright to vaunderville or to the theatre, where he can at least earn a living, at any rate.

As I said before, we have more talent than we ever had; our taste is finer than it ever was, for we are watching the pictures, our theatres are more luxurious, more opulent, and more comfortable than they ever were, and our managers no longer die in poor houses, but live on the fat of the land—lordly and dictatorial creatures!

But the actors who could save us are for the most part, silent; the playwrights who could thrill and captivate us are little more than tailors and fitters. The art of the theatre has been replaced by the whim of the manager, who yearns to get rich quickly, and who quits at what he considers the psychological moment. The "types" flourish and dominate the entire situation, but the drama limps badly. It is sick and ill at ease. It is over-run by parasites and hangers-on. It is barren with excrescences. Critics are unhappy because there is very little to criticize, and that "very little" they are not permitted to dally with. Good actors stay out on "the road" where the "type" is not as popular as it is in the metropolis, and do not venture to foist themselves upon a public apparently addicted to nothing but "favorites." Very occasionally we hear of some newcomer who has taken the town by surprise. Some fluke has injected him into the cast, and his success is acclaimed as though it had a tremendous significance.

There are scores of good actors clamoring for a hearing, doomed to silence because they are not "types," and their names have not been printed up and down the "Great White Way."

The type-dream occupies the manager's neridia. It is the pipe-dream!

## Victor Records

The new list of Victor records for December contains some new numbers specially appropriate to the holiday season.

Alma Gluck and Paul Reimers give a delightful rendition of an old German Christmas song, "The Christmas Tree," and John McCormack sings superbly that grand old Christmas hymn, "Adeste Fideles," with a choral support which is in the highest degree effective. The Venetian Trio contributes a beautiful rendition of Adolphe Adam's noble "Holy Night," and Felix Arndt offers a sweet-toned celesta solo of that most popular of all Christmas hymns, "Silent Night, Holy Night."

Schumann-Heink is heard in an old German folk-song, "The Lorelei," in which Silcher in his music has given a perfect example of the true legendary folk-song, and the beautiful rendition by the great contralto deserves to rank with her famous "Silent Night" record. The favorite Nevin song, "Mighty Lak a Rose," is beautifully sung by Geraldine Farrar with a dainty violin accompaniment by Fritz Kreisler, and the famous violinist is also heard in another of the Slavonic Dances, *Adagio*.

## The Ragtime Kings

(Continued from page 38)

with him in the same establishment a young Italian named Al Piantadosi, who has since also issued into the limelight as a ragtime king. Together they wrote the first song which brought them prominence, a ballad called "Just Like the Rose." Then came a parting of the ways, and the next milestone to Piantadosi's success was "Marinera Take da Steamboat," which was an enor-

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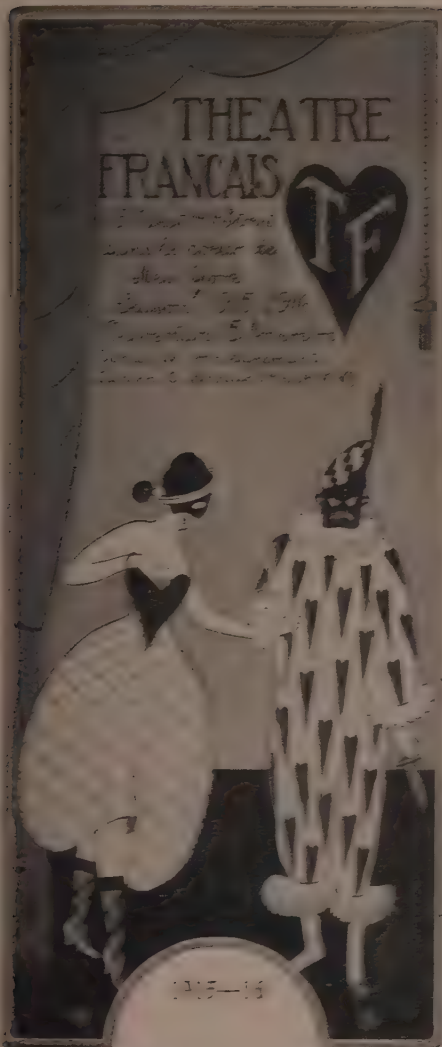
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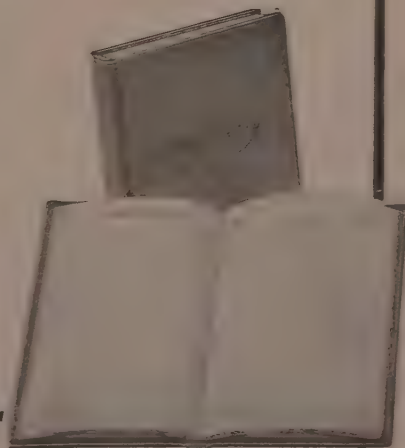
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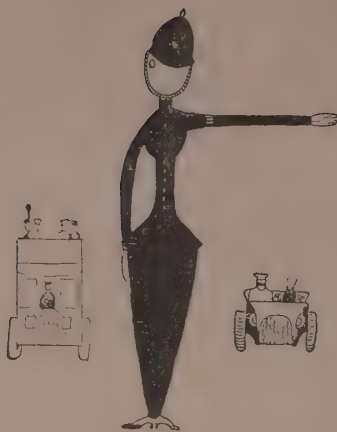
# THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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These three men take a mighty keen interest in all that Puck has to say about the theatre. So does the manager, but Barton forgot to put him in the picture.

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Perhaps you will find PUCK useful in choosing your theatrical diversions.



All the excuses in the world after an evening's boredom, cannot wipe away the tears shed at a comedy—when reference to "The Seven Arts" or "The Puppet Shop" might have directed you to the show really worth seeing.

**Puck**

AMERICA'S CLEVEREST WEEKLY



mous hit, and which placed its composer well inside the song-writing game. As evidence of the difficulties encountered in trying to break into that game, however, Piantadosi peddled this song for over two years, submitting it during that time to almost every publishing house in the United States. It was finally accepted by a publisher who suddenly felt the need for an Italian dialect song, and it earned thousands for its creators.

"Simplicity is the keynote of success in song-writing," confided Mr. Piantadosi, as he strummed on the piano in an effort to compose a melody for a lyric called "Wait Until You See My Mary." "In all my melodies I aim to attain something that can be played by anyone who can play at all.

Another long-established and successful team of song kings is William Jerome (né Flannery) and Jean Schwartz, who, together, have written scores of hits, dating as far back as "Bedelia" and "Mr. Dooley."

Our first song was "When Mr. Shakespeare Comes to Town." We got Harry Bulger to sing it, and, thanks to him, probably, it went big. That let us in on the ground floor with the publishers, and we started a series of Irish comedy ballads.

There was "Bedelia," then "Mr. Dooley," and "My Irish Molly O," and others.

## The New Plays

(Continued from page 10)

is not so easy to be had. It might be possible for the acting interpretation to be on entirely, or substantially, new lines, entirely free from traditional points. A success in that direction would be sensational, a triumph of genius in every detail. Neither an extraordinary Romeo nor an extraordinary Juliet could alone carry the play. If one were asked to name the one play that had made more reputations, had been more profitable, had been in continuous performance longer than any other, and had in it more comedy and tragedy, than any other, he would not be far, or at all, astray if he replied at once, "Romeo and Juliet." Of the eighteen characters in the bill not one is not what is known as a good-acting part, notably, among the subordinate characters, Mercutio, the Nurse, Peter, the Apothecary. It is likely that "Romeo and Juliet," when well played by all hands, is and always will be a sure-fire piece. But the success will always remain with the acting and not with the scenery. Entitled to enduring use, its operatic form alone gives it permanence. That it requires some rearrangement and some suppression of disused methods is true, and in this performance not enough attention was given to the elimination or modification or rearrangement of certain details. We hardly feel called upon seriously to discuss what might have been done better in the performance. Still, we do not think the inadequacy of impressions is referable to Shakespeare. We object to the belief, as a matter of fact, that Shakespeare or this play is outworn. That Shakespeare should constantly be on view is not a desideratum, but it is likely that every generation will witness a revival of him. The only way to kill—temporarily—the plays of Shakespeare is to play them inadequately. With the exception of George Relph, who was an unusually fine Romeo, the present performance, on the whole, was inadequate, with bits here and there properly done. Miss Khyva St. Albans was the beneficiary of all the very considerable outlay for the production. Miss St. Albans is not yet experienced enough for Juliet, but she is attractive and graceful, with some gifts that require to be developed, and which may give her a career.

## Mrs. Gadderbout

(Continued from page 20)

enameled in the same color. It was really charming. Why, even the dishes were the same color. Nellie told me that they were making them in robin's egg blue, too, but with my complexion I think the corn colored yellow shade would be much better."

"Some plot, this third act," suggested Mrs. Gadderbout's brother, wearily.

"Oh, no, dear, it was real exciting, you see the woman came in and the girl came in at the same time and both stared at each other and then the husband came in. He did look so startled. The girl was crying and she gave the woman that paper she had stolen. When the woman read it she just ran into the man's arms, but he placed her in a chair and walked out. The girl followed him and the poor woman just sat there and sobbed. She had on that same old gold and wistaria traveling dress so you see she didn't belong there. I had a splendid chance to copy it. Her back was to us and I got the long panel effect down fine. Then the girl came back with the man and he asked the woman—I really think it was his wife in the play. I don't know if he really was her husband because off the stage you never know who's married to who and sometimes I don't believe they do themselves.

"The fourth act was back home and the lawyer came in with this girl and everyone seemed so happy, or were just going to be happy. Nellie had to be home by half past eleven so we went out then to have time to drop into the Café de Bomb for a little rarebit and a quiet chat."

"But for heaven's sake, sister, what was on this paper? What was the plot? What happened anyway?" demanded the brother.

"Oh, dear me, how stupid you are that you don't understand. Don't you see that whatever was on that paper was the *mystery*? It was a sort of mystery play. I suppose they read the paper or something, but, of course, I didn't stay during the last half of the last act. Perhaps it was dictated aloud in the first act but I didn't hear it then."

"There, father," exclaimed Mrs. Gadderbout's fond mother, "didn't I tell you she could describe a play!"

"Men are so stupid, even my own father and brother," exclaimed Mrs. Gadderbout, sadly.

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If you just know that you "like to listen" to music, and enjoy the life and rhythm of modern popular melodies, go to some Columbia dealer and ask to hear, out of the January list, "I Think We've Got Another Washington" or the snappiest rag-time hit of the month, "Alagazam," by Von Tilzer. The little vaudeville queen, Margaret Farrel, will tickle you with her "Out of a City of Six Million People." In the same category comes the dances—Harry Von Tilzer's "Medley One Step" and "Princess Pat Medley Waltz" are two that will give you all the enjoyment in "listening" you could ask for. And "Red Head," sung by Irene Franklin, is quite the cleverest bit of vaudeville music in any record list. Light opera music also appeals to the class of music "listeners." The vocal gems from "La Mascotte" and "Olivette" contain a wealth of melody and popular rhythm. These French Operettas compare in every way with the best American Light Opera productions. *Advt.*

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writes a "Theatre" reader. And she is one of many. Her letter is written from Virginia—but here are a few random selections to be found in our mail any morning:

### From New Brunswick, Canada

"Will you please let me know where I can buy a wardrobe closet like the one pictured in the Theatre Magazine last August."

### And from Brooklyn:

"Can you tell me where I can get the articles mentioned in 'Spurs for the Appetite' in the November Theatre."

### East Tawas, Michigan:

"Will you kindly give me the price of the gabardine and faille model from Maurice? Please let me know at once as I am in something of a hurry. The gown was pictured in the October number of the Theatre Magazine."

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"Will you please give me the name of the shop where I can purchase the china illustrated in the enclosed leaf from your Magazine."

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"I would greatly appreciate it if you could tell me the price of a small watch like the enclosed cut taken from the Theatre Magazine. Kindly obtain for me an E. M. Gattie catalogue showing the different styles."

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"Where may I purchase the dinner cards and favors illustrated on page No. 266 of the November issue of the Theatre Magazine?"

### Letters of Appreciation that come to us:

"I want to thank you very much for your assistance. I like the pencil sketch for a dress immensely. I would be so glad to purchase the material for me."

"Enclosed find money order for which please send the chiffon and the lace like the enclosed. Thank you in advance and wishing all other readers to be as pleased as I am."

"I thank you for your prompt attention to the furs I inquired about. I have heard from Revillon Freres and expect to hear from Gunther."

## THE "THEATRE" Shopping SERVICE

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Where the doors are closed to others, our Fashion Editress has entrée everywhere—interviewing the greatest artists on the Stage.

When you see a dress or a hat, or a knick knack, or in fact, anything for your person, your boudoir or your home, in "Footlight Fashions," you can depend upon it, that it is the latest "cri."

For instance—in the November issue, the hat originated by Knox for Ina Claire, expresses her own individuality—likewise the chic skating sweater and cap worn by Martha Hedman. And in this number you will find hats selected and worn by such celebrities as Billie Burke, Olga Petrova, Kitty Gordon, and Ruth Shepley—each of them known for their individuality and smartness in dress.

Is it therefore to be wondered that "Footlight Fashions" are really what the well-dressed woman is so eager to see? And does it seem surprising that she, above all others, appreciates the "Theatre" Shopping Service?

These two departments have been a success since their inception, and it will be our constant endeavor to make them so up-to-the-minute that no well-dressed woman can do without her copy of the Theatre Magazine.

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Be sure to give full particulars and directions with your shopping requests. Our shoppers are efficient and experienced, but to get the very best results, they must know as nearly as possible your preferences, if any—full measurements, if gowns or wearing apparel are being ordered, and the amount you wish to spend.

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The "Footlight" model is a  
dramatic, artistic portrait of a  
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piece with a veil. The woman is looking  
slightly to the right of the camera.  
The "Footlight" style is a dramatic,  
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"Footlight" style hat. The hat is a  
large, dark, textured piece with a veil.  
The woman is looking slightly to the  
right of the camera.

# FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

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# Clothes Seen On The Stage

for her own personal use. The white of a chiffon velvet in contrast with the soft brown of skunk fur and the long lines of the gown combine both of Miss Gordon's preferences for neutral coloring and for simplicity. You will note, however, in spite of the long tunic overskirt, that the bodice has the season's point in front and a pinch at the waistline.

For other frocks in process of making Miss Gordon was having used the new "Soirée" silk, which, she told us, because of both its pliability and richness, took the correct lines readily and staid "put" once there.

Miss Gordon as she bade us good-bye stood a moment talking full in the light of a twelve A. M. sun streaming in through a near-by window. The perfection of her skin under such usually trying circumstances was most noticeable, and brought out an involuntary exclamation of admiration.

"It's but fair to give the credit to Valaze Cream," said Miss Gordon modestly. "I use it continually, and am only too glad to pass the tip around."

We show an interesting frock of the Gordon-like ideal of simplicity this month—a model of the Jeanne Lanvin collection, shown at the recent Ritz Carlton Fashion Fête. Bonwit Teller bought the collection and the feminine public, in turn, have been eagerly snapping it up from them. This particular model of a very wonderful quality of heavy white satin has for its sole trimming lines of black and white floss in a broad backstitch, a V-shaped ribbon of black grosgrain and one of cardinal red, with red ribbon tassel, to hang as a necklet over the open bodice with its upstanding muslin

Miss Gordon was wearing this headpiece with her American flag costume, but it should be equally effective for personal wear. It is one of the few ornaments I have ever seen that had a real decorative value, red feathers flaming from a band encrusted with beads in imitations of pearls and iridescent stones



frill. Diane is the charming frock's name.

And lastly there is a dear little mid-season dancing frock for your perusal from Altman—pink silk net over pink taffeta, the net skirt held out by an inch-wide crystal passementerie, which also appears on the bodice. There are lines of silver braid on the gossamer panniers, and an old blue rose with a green leaf on the silver bodice. Notice that bodice? It is distinctly new, turned round in fact, with the front part of the waist going straight across and the point down in the back.



As her stage gowns must be elaborate Miss Gordon likes simplicity in her personal dresses. This one (second from the left) is of white chiffon velvet with bands of skunk. Though a long tunic is substituted for the season's wired panniers, the bodice has the usual point and pinch at the waistline.

The frock "Diane" from the Jeanne Lanvin collection shown at the recent Ritz Carlton Fashion Fête. Bonwit Teller bought the whole Lanvin collection and it is through their courtesy that we were able to make this sketch. White satin of the richest quality forms the base, lines of black and white floss in a heavy backstitch and two necklet ribbons, one of black, the other of cardinal grosgrain, the trimming.

One of Miss Gordon's elaborate stage costumes in the Winter Garden production. Black silver-striped is the theme, chiffon for the frock itself, velvet for the jacket with black fox collar and cuffs. Black chiffon panallettes, silver-bordered, peer from below the skirt's hem. And Joseph is sponsor for the whole daring and artistic composition. Extreme left.

Above a dear little mid-season dancing frock from Altman & Co. in pink silk net over pink taffeta with a crystal bead trimming to hold out the bottom of the net skirt and glisten across the front of the silver bodice. The shape of that bodice, by the way, is the newest note, for it has quite reversed the situation and turned its point around to the back.





Miss Marguerite Leslie who has attained stardom will be seen shortly in a new play by . . . but sh-h-h! that is still a secret. Miss Leslie is wearing a hat designed by Knox.



# La Femme est Toujours Coquette

MADemoiselle GREUZE, with her five feet of blonde vivacity and a large wardrobe of Paris clothes, is amongst us, fresh come from various dramatic triumphs on the other side to play leading rôles at the French Theatre. Any foreign atmosphere, however

Here are five of them in photographs—for those of you to whom the French Theatre is an unattainable adventure.

\* \* \*

Mlle. Greuze's choice of a gown, I told myself, after I had passed her entire equipment in review at her

pictorial quality in all the designs we have selected to show.

Bernard and Drécoll were Mlle. Greuze's pet dressmaking houses, Monsieur Fritz at the former and Madame de Wagner at the latter, knowing specially her needs.

"How did she go about choosing

she picked out some line or feature that interested her and had special designs built from that. *Voilà tout!* It was quite simple."

Not simple at all, I should say, but denoting the utmost painstakingness on the part of Mlle. Greuze to get the gowns absolutely right.



Photo Talbot

The beauty of Mlle. Greuze's Bernard costume in this portrait photograph should really be enough for you. If you are greedy for details, however, know that white chiffon is hung over flesh colored satin, an apricot jacket with silver buttons added and a silver hem run around the skirt.

transplanted, gives a mental fillip and relaxation and a visit to the French Theatre is well worth one's while even if one doesn't understand the French language. French clothes at least are always understandable. And Mlle. Greuze has the loveliest variety of them, all with the wonderful lines and chic and finish for which the French are still unsurpassed.

rooms in the Hotel Claridge, seemed to depend on two things: Were the lines of the gown beautiful in themselves? Were they becoming to her? Some of her frocks had the full skirts of this year, some, equally lovely, the straight ones of a former season. Intrinsic beauty and not "latest Fashion" was the determining factor for her. You may see that

clothes for a play? Well, it was somewhat in this fashion. She went to work and read the play through first to get the atmosphere. Then she departed for Bernard's and Drécoll's to see the entire collection of each, always *par exemple*, in a separate room so as not to be disturbed. Then after she had seen all the *mannequins* had to display

One could see the French love for finish of detail in everything about Mlle. Greuze. Wrapped in a pink satin dressing robe with deep warm cuffs and collars of fluffy white *mouflon*, she talked perched on the edge of her chair flapping an exquisite pink satin mule for emphasis up and down on a miniature foot.

"And her *lingerie*? Might one



see that? One knows that there is nothing in all the world like French *lingerie*."

"*Mais certainement, Marie....*"

And Marie, on order, quickly emerged from a further interior with an armful of *dessous* of all sorts—nighties in pink *crêpe de chine* threaded with pink satin ribbons, "chimmies" to match, combinations in strips of lace and sheer batiste, and rising from the whole delicious frothy bunch a cloud of some seductive, intriguing perfume or other. The little interlude was most typically Parisian.

Hereupon I launched my staple question, modifying the form a bit, however. Not. "Do you like clothes, Mlle. Greuze?" That would have been too blatant. But, "Could you imagine a *Parisienne* who didn't like clothes, Mlle. Greuze?"

"Ah, mais non," with rapid fire, "*la femme Parisienne est toujours coquette*."

#### DRESSES AND DETAILS

Then the door of a capacious wardrobe was thrown back and gowns in serried rank were revealed, a riot of color. The dresses had been hung with respect to the gradation of their shading, a brilliant American beauty chiffon with full, reeded skirt (by the way, almost the same frock which Mlle. Greuze did not consider one of her newest, I had just had shown me in a large Fifth Avenue shop as a latest model; thus does Paris still anticipate us by several months), then a deep coral broad cloth; a pale pink muslin; an old blue was followed by a turquoise, a "baby" blue, a white and so on. *Ma foi!* but it was a wardrobe!

And though we are giving you photographs of five frocks from the treasure chest with a short caption attached to each, I think you will perhaps be interested to have a few details added to the descriptions.

I should like a repeated emphasis on the pictorial quality of everything Mlle. Greuze possesses. There has been going on recently at the New York Public Library an exhibition of prints and engravings of women representing several centuries. Most of the women are young, unqualifiedly beautiful; some are of "a certain age," as say the French; and some might be accounted plain,



Manuel

according to conventional standards; but all of them are interesting and pictures in a further sense than the Webster Dictionary first meaning of "a representation of anything." And Mlle. Greuze, with her grace and soft flowing lines could step in anywhere among the gallery with no jarring break to its harmony.

Let's break in anywhere ourselves with the dresses. Perhaps it might be at that first page frock of "*chiffon blanc*" over "*satin chair*," as Mlle. Greuze staccatoed the materials, with its apricot taffeta jacket and six silver ball buttons. I think that the French, with their keen and unfailing scent for detail, figure these things out so exactly that they know when six buttons and not eight or ten, or a row, is imperative to produce the right effect. They—they being the Maison Bernard—also knew that the sleeves of the apricot jacket should be exaggeratedly long and flare out in little cuffs over the hand. Also that a silver band should go around the bottom of the skirt and that there should be silver slippers, with brilliant buckles to make for continuity.

The coral broadcloth and the blue broadcloth "Tipperary" costume go rather hand in hand, not only as to materials, but as to type, yet they show what variety in unity can be effected by a slight turn when a master artist is at the wheel. Both are one-piece dresses with skirts of an almost equal length and width—the coral broadcloth a thought fuller perhaps—both have belts and buttons and smartly rolling collars over black neckties. But each is a distinct and separate achievement in coloring and general look.... The deep pockets of the blue broadcloth do not stand out in the photograph as much as they should, but they were a noticeable—and very much intended, witness the French soldier coat which was the inspiration for the model—feature on the real life frock as Mlle. Greuze displayed it.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

A broadcloth frock from Drécoll in a wonderful shade of deep coral, with crochet buttons and a bit of wool embroidery of the same color, white mousseline ruffles and a little tie of black taffeta picot-edged



Photo Manuel

Another broadcloth gown from Drécoll in old blue with silver buttons, big pockets and a military collar of red. Mlle. Greuze said that it was known as the "Tipperary dress."



Photo Reutlinger

Would you believe unless you saw it that so much could be done with white taffeta alone without any other relieving note than that of a silver lace petticoat?



Photo Reutlinger

As a fine black stripe edges the blue on the skirt of this Bernard gown, with its turquoise jacket, a black tie, Mlle. Greuze pointed out, was the imperative touch at the throat





Photo  
Henri Manuel

## Mlle. Lillian Greuze

The ultra-chic and beautiful Parisian actress, who is now appearing with so much success in the French Theatre in New York, said charmingly:—

"Madame Helena Rubinstein est une fée puisqu'elle a inventé le 'Skin-food Valaze'."

*Lillian Greuze*

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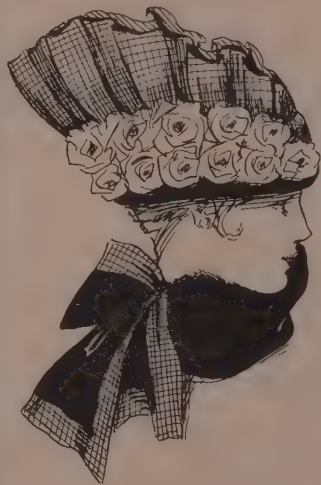
Two gay and gorgeous black and white feathery butterflies lightly poised themselves on a huge black velvet hat and Knox fastened them down securely, added a few finishing touches in the way of patent leather pipings, and created a masterpiece



## The Question of Hats

A flowery path blazed by some of our well dressed Ladies of the Stage leads to the new bonnet of Spring

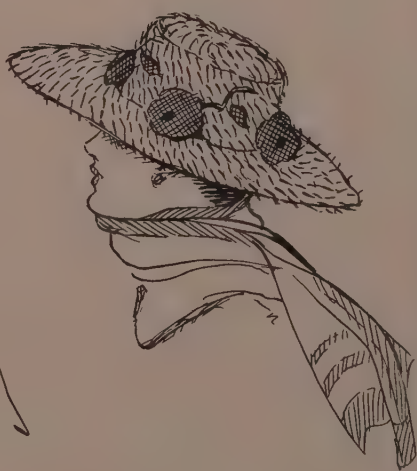
A ring-around-a-rosy of shaded pink, garlands a Rawak hat and lends excitement to the plaited brown grosgrain ribbon running up into a peak in the back.



When the best horsetwomen in the country ride the best horses in the country they wear the best riding hats to be found in the country. A Knox model of Hatter's Plush.

When Miss Anna Pavlova posed for the introduction of the Universa's "The Dumb Girl of Portici," she wore this hat (lower left) created by Rawak and christened the "Pavlova-Portici" in honor of the occasion. It is made of shiny black Milan Porcupine straw, ornamented by a green braid and dangling tassel, and is specially good for Southern wear.

It looks good enough to eat, this Smolin wheat-straw hat, for the rough prickly finish of the material is strangely reminiscent of a certain kind of breakfast food! Four velvet apples in dull contrasting shades that apples are not, and a blue crape facing form its interesting trimming.



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Old Hook  
and Eye!







## For Trunks Labeled "Florida"

Palm Beach Fashions and Palm Beach Cloth are forerunners of what will be vogue during the warmer weather, and Miss Louise Dresser with her new white King Cord suit, starts the fad for knitted fabrics.

**T**HAT the ladies may be just as cool in their tailored suits this summer as the men were in their Palm Beach cloth suits of seasons past, the firm which makes the original Palm Beach cloth has introduced a number of new and beautiful patterns in tans, greys and other natural tones, clever little checks and stripes and various alluring designs. Thus this cloth has gained much in the way of beauty without losing any intrinsic value, as it is just as springy, crisp, non-crushable, washable and dust-resisting as it ever was.

To the carefully groomed woman who must have her clothes fit perfectly, even her wash suits, this material will make an especial appeal, as it has just the body to hold the lines of clever tailoring.

Possibly it was the knitted silk sweater that first showed us how eminently practical and clever a

knitted fabric can be. At any rate, the well-known manufacturer of the best glove silk obtainable has gone a step farther this season and created some very original and entirely different varieties of knitted cloth. The heavier fabrics are being used principally for sport suits and coats, and the sheer lighter kinds for underwear.

To this new family of knitted cloths belongs King Cord which is ribbed in corduroy fashion, and several kinds of basket weaves. These are being combined with fur and made up into marvelous coats and wraps.

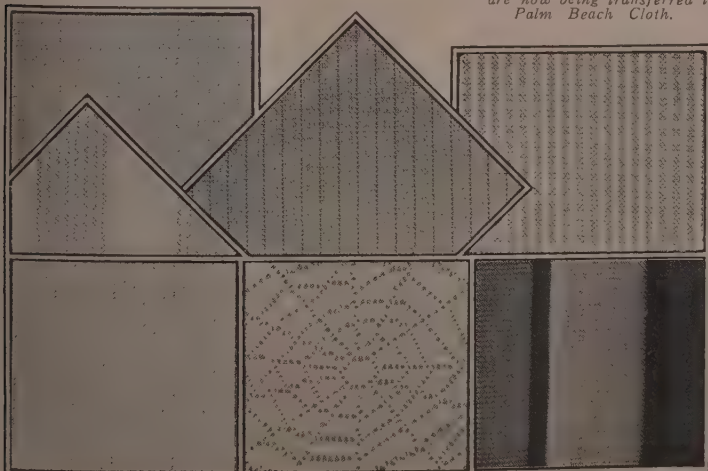
Knit Ray and Cobweb are the kind of materials that are used for the latest thing in undergarments. There is rather an odd story about the origin of the latter. I am told it was copied line for line from a sheet of letter paper someone had used in writing the president of the firm.

A self-toned silken thread checks this newest Palm Beach Cloth up to the mode for woman's wear.

Eight narrow black stripes pause awhile on a tan background and then repeat themselves.

A little self-covered silk thread follows a tiny black one all the way down a length of Palm Beach Cloth.

Shepherd Checks need no longer be cashed in during the warm weather. They are now being transferred to Palm Beach Cloth.



Knit Ray is one of the lovely new knitted fabrics that is so delightful for undergarments.

In close competition with the silken products of Mr. Spider's loom, the manufacturers of this material have already stolen his pattern.

To separate the loveliness of a raspberry and a white stripe, a narrow black one is employed.

# The Woman Who Cares Will Demand

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### The Silk Irresistible



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In the third act of "Princess Pat," a musical play in which the singers can really sing, the dancers can really dance, and the actors really act, the Princess, Eleanor Painter, wears this lovely gown made of Soirée, the silk irresistible.

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## To Begin With —

The latest textiles for spring set a new standard in American made fabrics. From such a source of inspiration it is no wonder that many of our leading actresses are designing their own costumes.

PARTICULARLY adapted to the flaring modes which are being shown for Spring, is a new mohair fabric called Silverbloom Silkenfeil. Like the silver sheen on a moonlight lake, a glorious silken lustre shimmers down its wonderful length and sets it entirely apart from other lightweight fabrics. The most wonderful part of this wonderful material is that it actually washes to look the same.

That Pussy Willow is synonymous with Spring-time no one can deny, although its lovely silken namesake has been with us all winter. Encouraged by the way the Fashionables have taken it up, its manufacturers have excelled all previous efforts in the way of wonderful designs and gorgeous color combinations, so that Printed Pussy Willows are now being used by couturiers who heretofore have only used foreign materials.

There are many interesting combinations of Pussy Willow and satin stripes that are particularly suited for the handsome linings so much the vogue at present. One, with a wide black satin stripe on a Pussy Willow background can be dyed any color to order without affecting the black stripe.

The newest baby of this house of delightful surprises has been christened "Will o' the Wisp." It is a lustrous, elusive gossamer fabric that must have been woven on fairy looms. Yet in spite of its delicate appearance, this material is surpris-

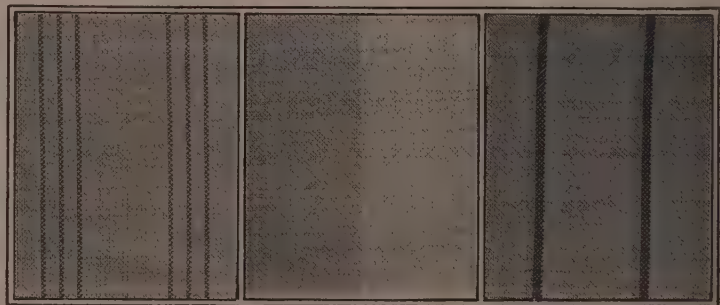
ingly strong and will not pull like other sheer fabrics. Its possibilities for undergarments and blouses are unlimited.



There is a tendency toward floral designs in the newest Spring Pussy Willow Prints. Here tiny pink rosebuds are combined with black and sand colored stripes.

Just the ghost of a design on a black and white striped background.

The rippled surface of Khaki Kool has so many wrinkles of its own you don't have to bother about any you might pick in



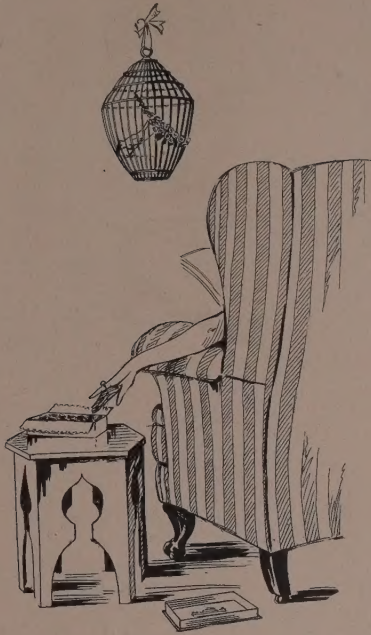
Hair-line stripes in groups or clusters by no means lessen the lustre of the uncrushable Silverbloom Silkenfeil.

Broad green stripes have a cool and watery look between broad tan ones. An excellent suggestion for a beach costume. Silverbloom Silkenfeil.

To introduce a bit of color into a study in cream and black hair lines, the weaver wove a pink thread in it now and then. Silverbloom Silkenfeil.



# Sweets To The Sweet



A BRIGHT little fire snapped merrily on the hearth, the curtains were drawn, the light shimmered soft, and the huge fire-side chair was cosily in place. So was the little lady whose dressing room I had invaded. Comfortably curled in the downiest depths of that great chair, like a luxurious silken kitty, Broadway's sauciest star didn't look at all like what one would expect to find after seeing her from across the footlights.

With a "wont you sit down" to me, and "Flora put the taboret with the sweets over by this chair" to the attentive Ethiopian, Miss — buried

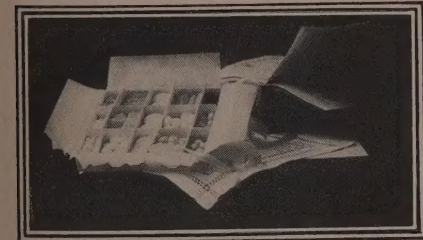
I usually don't boast about it. You see it is rather awkward for a real grown-up such as I to admit that she has a weakness for candy—one expects rather to hear that from the village fat boy or the girl with a pale green complexion.

But now that you have found me out, I don't in the least mind saying that no room in which I live is comfortable to me without its bon-bon box. I am not really so fond of eating candies as I am of having them about. They are so companionable. Why a box of chocolates to me can make or mar a book!

"I suppose I must inevitably pay the price," she said, her hand going once more into that paper-frilled box. "I know that when I am old I shall be fat and yellow, but meanwhile, as long as I remain thin and rosy—one might as well ride one's hobby."

"Now you must promise me," she said, just as I was leaving, "not to give me away. Please, please don't reveal my identity. Just try to imagine the terrible consequences! I know I'd be buried under a ton of candy and I am quite sure I'd try to eat my way out."

I am showing some of the candies which are Miss — favorites.

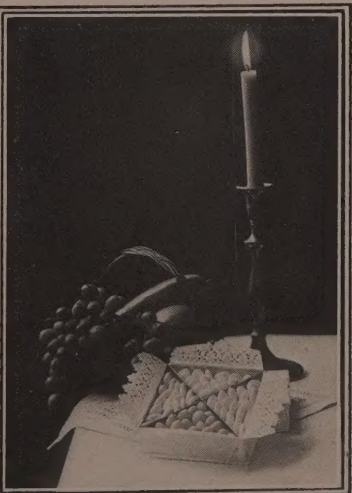


They're all different, all delicious and all mints. Menthe Melange is a complete assortment of fifteen varieties. One-pound box 50 cents.

herself still further in her cushions and said: "Now, then, we may talk." "I most certainly have a hobby," she said in answer to my first question, her hand dipping into the silver and lace-paper box by her side, "that is one of the essentials of Stardom! But I'm not very proud of mine and



After-Dinner-Mints are by no means confined to that particular occasion when they are as delectable as these. Boxed at 25 cents.



That sugar almonds can be made far excellence is proven by the firm that makes these for fifty cents the box.

For the convenience of persons desiring to secure some of the issues of the THEATRE MAGAZINE for 1915 we give herewith a partial list of the contents of these numbers.



Portraits of Lou-Tellegen, Marjorie Rambeau, Enrico Caruso, Geraldine Farrar, Sophie Braslau, Frances Alda, Emily Stevens, Lily Cahill, Brieux, Julia Dean, Ernest Glendinning, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Ruth Shepley, etc., etc.

Scenes from "The Debutante," "The Lilac Domino," "Across the Border," "Pilate's Daughter," "Polygamy," "The Girl of the Golden West," "Outcast," "Life," "The Big Idea," etc.

Articles: "Dramatic Criticism—What It Is and What It Should Be," "A New Carmen at the Opera," "In Filmland," "Grand Opera Beyond the Curtain Line," "Brieux—Playwright and Propagandist," "America's First Exhibition of the New Stage craft," "Chez Maurice," "The Art of Ernest Glendinning," "Ellen Terry's Niece Upholds the Family Traditions," "Prize Plays," "Judy On and Off the Stage."

JANUARY. The cover: MARY PICKFORD.

Portraits of Alice Brady, Granville Barker, Elizabeth Schumann, Raymonde Delaunoy, Margarete Ober, Pasquale Amato, Irving Berlin, Marie Tempest, Ann Murdock, Mr. and Mrs. William Faversham, Jacob Adler, Pauline Frederick, Violet Heming, Donald Macdonald, Kenneth Douglas, Elsie Macray, Ernest Torrence, etc., etc.

Scenes from "Hello Broadway," "Children of Earth," "The Silent Voice," "To-night's the Night," "The Show Shop," "The Lie," "Secret Strings," "Maternity," "Watch Your Step," "The Song of Songs," "Across the Border," "In Colony Times," etc.

Articles: "Granville Barker May Head the New Theatre Here," "Death of Mme. Gerville-Reche," "Revival of 'Euryanthe' at the Metropolitan," "Irving Berlin—A Restless Success," "Film Plays and Players," "A Morning Chat With Marie Tempest on Comedy," "The Passing of Wallack's," "War Plays," "The Theatre of the Ghetto," "Kenneth Douglas Visits Our Stage," "Brown University Revives an Old Comedy," "Some Recent Hits."

FEBRUARY. The cover: MARTHA HEDMAN.



© Ira L. Hill

Portraits of Anna Pavlova, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, Alla Nazimova, Geraldine Farrar, Robert Mantell, Nora Bayes, Lew Fields, Blanche Sweet, Betty Nansen, Blanche Ring, Louise Dresser, Lenora Ulrich, Florence Nash, Augustin Daly, Mlle. Dazie, William Courtenay, Marilyn Miller, Elsie Ferguson, Irene Fenwick, etc., etc.

Scenes from "L'Oracolo," "Androcles and the Lion," "The White Feather," "The Clever Ones," "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," "War Brides," "Mme. Sans-Gêne," "90 in the Shade," "The Shadow," "Du Barry," "Marie-Odile," "The Show Shop," etc.

Articles: "The Story of the Castles," by Mrs. Castle's mother, "Mme. Nazimova in 'War Brides,'" "World Premiere of 'Mme. Sans-Gêne,'" "Robert Mantell—Last of the Heroic Shakespearean Actors," "What I Want to Do," by Lew Fields, "Stage Versus Screen," "Between the First Rehearsal and the Last," "A Child's Memory of Augustin Daly," "My First Lines," "Clothes Seen on the Stage."

MARCH. The cover: MRS. VERNON CASTLE.

Portraits of Helen Ware, Maude Adams, Frances Starr, Pauline Frederick, William Faversham, Lucie Arncliffe, Melanie Kurt, Katherine Emmet, Jane Cow, Bertha Kalich, Gilda Varese, Patricia Collinge, Margaret Illington, Frances Starr, etc., etc.

Scenes from "Fads and Fancies," "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," "The Trap," "The Ladies' Shakespeare," "The Clever Ones," "Inside the Lines," "The Peasant Girl," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Birth of a Nation," etc.

Articles: "How Frances Starr Trained for the Role of a Nun," "Chrystal Herne—A Versatile Actress," "Millionaire Homes in Filmland," "At the Opera," "What European Conditions Have Done for Music in America," "Melanie Kurt—A Study," "Theatre Tickets at Cut Rates," "A Woman Who Picks Successful Plays," "When They Were Twenty-one," "In English More or Less," "Barker's New Shakespearean Spectacles," "New Art Theatres in New York," "Recent Stage Hits," "The Birth of a Nation," "Footlight Fashions."

APRIL. The cover: CRYSTAL HERNE.



Portraits of Isadora Duncan's dancers, De Wolf Hopper, Vivian Tobin, Sara Jewett, Eugene Walter, Nicholas Hanne, Universal City, Margaret Anglin, Mary and Florence Nash at home, Beatrice Maude, Lillah McCarthy, Elsie Janis, Kay Laurell, Mrs. Vernon Castle, Mollie King, Leading moving picture producers, etc., etc.

Scenes from "The Bubble," "The Victim," "Alice in Wonderland," "A Celebrated Case," "The Revolt," "Taking Chances," "Two Blind Beggars and One Less Blind," "Moondown," "The Shepherd in the Distance," "The Natural Law," etc.

Articles: "A Real Alice in Wonderland," "A Famous Broadway Premiere of Forty Years Ago," "Vicissitudes of a Playwright—Eugene Walter," "The High Cost of Stage Beauty," "New York's Littlest Theatre," "Fortunes Made from Nickels and Dimes in Filmland," "New Scenic Art of the Theatre," "Behind the Scenes with Mrs. Granville Barker," "The Original Toy Theatre," "Patrician Plays That Aroused the War Spirit in Europe," "My First Lines," "The Washington Square Players," "To Abolish Cut Rate Theatre Tickets," "Footlight Fashions," "A Country Wide Shakespearean Festival," "Svengali's Impersonator Talks of Trilby's First Night."

MAY. The cover: GENEVIEVE HAMPER as Juliet.

Portraits of Laura Walker, Emanuel Reicher, C. C. N. Y. Stadium, Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre, Chinese dinner given in honor of Ellen Terry, Arthur Bodansky, Geraldine Farrar, Charles Klein, Carlotta Monterey, Blanche Bates, Marguerite Leslie, Emma Dunn, Irene Fenwick at home, Carol McComas, Anne Caldwell, Frances Pritchard, Fay Compton, Fred Stone, Louise Dresser, etc., etc.

Scenes from "A Modern Eve," "A Full House," "A Miracle of St. Anthony," "Beverly's Balance," "Nobody Home," "The Hyphen," "Chin-Chin," etc.

Articles: "Greek Tragedies in C. C. N. Y. Stadium," "Charles Frohman Lost on the Lusitania," "Charles Frohman—The Man and the Manager," "The Stratford-on-Avon Players," "Vicissitudes of a Playwright—Charles Klein," "Writing a Moving Picture Scenario," "Discouragements," "A Female David Warfield," "The Only Woman Librettist in America," "When They Were Twenty-one," "Fred Stone—A Master of Make-Up," "Footlight Fashions."

JUNE. The cover: MARY FULLER.

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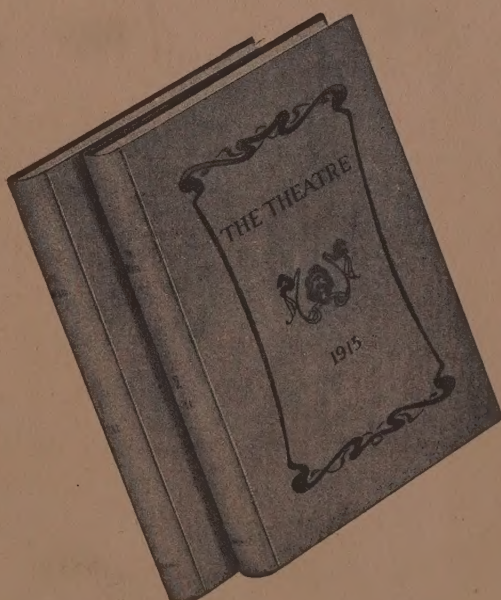
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